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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Friendship's Offering, a Literary Album. Edited by T. K. Hervey. London 1826. Lupton Relfe.

We very briefly adverted to this Annual Volume in our last Gazette; and ventured to give our opinion of it as "a very elegant and agreeable production," well calculated to maintain the character of that pleasing class of publications, of which it is a member. It is now our duty to justify that opinion by extract; and we are gratified at having it in our power, at once to pay a fair tribute of applause to the editor, illustrate his work, and entertain our readers. Thus, in the first instance, we shall select two poems, (out of several very pathetic compositions,) from Mr. Hervey's own pen.

"The Dead Trumpeter."

"Wake, soldier—wake!—thy war-horse waits,
To bear thee to the battle back;—
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;—
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;—
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red falchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier!—sleep!—thy warfare o'er,—
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle plain;
A trumpet-note more loud and deep,
Must rouse thee from that lethargic sleep!

Thou need'st nor helm nor cuirass, now,
—Beyond the Grecian hero's boast,—
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host;—
For head and heel alike are sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound!

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that wild, widowed look she wore
The day—how long to her it seems!—
She kissed thee, at the cottage door,
And sickened at the sounds of joy
That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier!—let thy mother wait,
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,
And bid her home to thee at last;—
He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
When last—and far away—she heard its lingering
echoes fall!

The next is as follows, and entitled, "Stanzas."

"How sweet to sleep where all is peace,
Where sorrow cannot reach the breast,
Where all life's idle throbbings cease,
And pain is hushed to rest;
Escaped o'er fortune's troubled wave,
To anchor in the silent grave!

That quiet land where, perill past,
The weary win a long repose,
The braided spirit finds, at last,
A balm for all its woes,
And lowly grief and lordly pride
Lie down, like brothers, side by side!

The breath of slander cannot come
To break the calm that hushes there;
There is no dreaming in the tomb,
Nor waking to despair;
Unkindness cannot wound us more,
And all earth's bitterness is o'er.

There the maiden waits till her lover come—
They never more shall part;—
And the stricken deer has gained her home,
With the arrow in her heart;
And passion's pulse has hushed and still,
Beyond the reach of the tempter's skill.

The mother—she is gone to sleep,
With her babe upon her breast,—
She has no weary watch to keep
Over her infant's rest;
His slumbers on her bosom fair
Shall never more be broken—there!

For me—for me, whom all have left,
—The lovely, and the dearly loved,—
From whom the touch of time hath rift
The hearts that time had proved,
Whose guerdon was—and is—despair,
For all I bore—and all I bear;

Why should I linger idly on,
Amid the selfish and the cold,
A dreamer—when such dreams are gone
As those I nursed of old?
Why should the dead tree mock the spring,
A blighted and a withered thing?
How blest—how blest that home to gain,
And slumber in that soothing sleep,
From which we never rise to pain,
Nor ever wake to weep!
To win my way from the tempest's roar,
And lay me down on the golden shore!

It may serve to contrast with these, if we transcribe—"Discretion the better part of valour," a comic song, by Mr. Horatio Smith.

"One day, as I was strutting, with my customary swagger,
A puppy cried out,—Pistol! you are a coward, though a bragger!
Now, this was an indignity no gentleman could take,
Sir!

So I told him pat and plump—'you lie—under a mistake, Sir!'
Fools may be fool-hardy still, but men like me are wiser,
And if we get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, Sir!

Said I, 'Sir, if you take the wall, you take it to your ruin!'
Then forth he popped his knuckles, and he gave my nose a screwing!

'Zounds and fury!' bellows I, 'there's no bearing this at all, Sir!
So I lifted up my cane, and I gave the rogue—the wall, Sir!

Fools may be fool-hardy still, but men like me are wiser,
And if we get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, Sir!
I told him, for his insolence I must have satisfaction,
When he gave me such a kick that it drove me to distraction!

My patience now was overcome, so nobody will wonder
That I doubled up my fist, and immediately knocked—under!

Fools may be fool-hardy still, but men like me are wiser,
And if we get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, Sir!

Though we find L. E. L., Mrs. Hemans, Lady Caroline Lamb, Lord Porchester, Sotheby, Southey, Milman, Bowles, Maturin, Colton, Dale, Neele, Cunningham, and Barton, among the poetical contributors, we must satisfy ourselves with the shortest specimens in that branch of the Miscellany; except to notice that there are four slight pieces, to which the name of the author of the Seasons is attached, and which are said not to have been printed before. As poems, they possess no great merit; and we have some doubt as to their never having been published. We, however, annex two of them, as they are short.

"Upon May."

"Among the charming months, May stands confessed
The sweetest, and in fairest colours dressed!
Soft as the breeze that fans the smiling field;
Sweet as the breath that opening roses yield;
Fair as the colour lavish Nature paints
On virgin flowers free from odorous taints!
To rural scenes thus tempt at the busy crowd,
Who, in each grove, thy praise a sing along!

"The Morning in the Country."

"When from the opening chambers of the east,
The morning springs, in thousand luxuries dressed,
The early lark his morning tribute pays,
And, in shrill note, salutes the blooming day.
Refreshed fields with pearly dew do shine,
And tender blades wherewith their tops incline.
Their painted leaves the unblown flowers expand,
And with their odorous breath perfume the land.
The crowing cock and chattering hen awakes
Dull slensy clowns who know the morning breaks.
The herd his plaid around his shoulders throws,
Grasps his dear crook, calls his dog, and goes

Around the fold: he walks with careful pace,
And fallen cloids sets in their wonted place;
Then opens the door, unfolds his fleecy care,
And gladly sees them crop their morning fare!"

We now add the short pieces to which we have alluded:

"From the Italian."

"The sun was burning in his noon,
The breeze along the hills was dying,
The shepherd's flute had ceased to tune,
The sheep beneath the boughs were lying;
The whole wide world seemed sunk in sleep,
The day my eyes was fast forsaking.
Then slumber came—delicious, deep—
An hour well worth an age of waking.
Anon I heard an infant tread,—
The flowers blushed deeper at his coming,
The air a richer odour shed,
The bees a sweeter song were humming;
He stood before me,—how and wags,
Blue eyes, red lips that shamed the roses;
'Behold,' says he, 'the bosom's king!
Who looks on me, no more reposes.
But if you want to take your sleep,
(He tried in vain a laugh to smother),
'And smile as little as I weep,
I'll introduce you to my brother.'
He stamped the ground, a little knave,
Wrinkled and chained, the path was treading;
'Here, Hymen! Cupid scorns this slave,
Go, keep him for your gayest wedding.'

"To Lady Caroline Lamb."

By the late Right Hon. Lord Byron, Sixteen Years ago.

"And say'st thou that I have not felt,
Whilst thou wert thus estranged from me;
Nor know'st how deeply I have dwelt
On one unbroken dream of thee!
—But love like ours must never be—
And I will learn to prize thee less,
As thou hast fed—so let me see,
And change the heart thou mayest not bless!
They'll tell thee, Clara! I have seened,
Of late, another's charms to woo;
Nor sighs—nor frowns—as if I deemed
That thou wert banished from my view.
Clara! this struggle—to undo
What thou hast done, too well, for me—
—This mask before the babbling crew—
This treachery—was truth to thee!
I have not wept while thou wert gone,
Nor worn one look of sullen woe;
But sought, in many, all that one
—Ah! need I name her!—could bestow.
—It is a duty which I owe
To thine—to thee—to man—to God,
To crush—to quench—this guilty glow,
Ere yet the path of crime be trod!
But, since my breast is not so pure,
Since still the vulture tears my heart,—
Let me this agony endure,
Not thee—oh! dearest—as thou art!
—In mercy, Clara! let us part,
And I will seek—yet know not how—
To shun, in time, the threatening dart
Guilt must not aim at such as thou.
But thou must aid me in the task,
And nobly thus exert thy power,
Then spare me hence—thou art I ask—
Ere time mature a guiltier hour;
Ere wrath's impending vials shower
Remorse, redoubled on my head;
Ere fires unquenchable devour
A heart—whose hope has long been dead.
Deceive no more thyself and me,
Deceive not better hearts than mine;
—Ah! shouldst thou, whither wouldst thou flee,
From woe like ours—from shame like thine!
And if there be a wrath divine,
—A pang beyond this fleeting breath—
Even now all future hope resign—
Such thoughts are guilt—such guilt is death!

"Stanzas.—By T. Wood, Esq."

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window, where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers maie of light:
The lilacs, where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum, on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air would rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
—My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
And summer pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees, dark and high,
I used to think their slender spires
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,—
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy!

There is so much powerful imagery in Colton's Ode on Lord Byron, that we regret we can only point attention to it.

The prose Tales are very various; "the Laughing Horseman," and "Reichter and his Dogs," two humorously told stories of diablerie: "the Lady of Beechgrove," by Miss Mitford, has some fine strokes of rustic description; "the Dream," by Miss Robegs, is well imagined and ends well; and several have very considerable merit; but as we have in other parts of this sheet, magic, and robber, and foreign scenes, painted from other sources, we shall exemplify this head from "Stage-coach Physiognomists," by the late Mr. Edgeworth.

"On a fine day in the beginning of summer, when the weather was neither too hot nor too cold, when the glasses on both sides of the coach were, by tacit consent, left open, and when neither the weather nor the roads were such as to occupy the attention of my fellow travellers, they, by degrees, entered into conversation, and, amongst various subjects, at last we fell upon that of physiognomy. A thin, pale man, who had the air of a traveller, told us, that he had lately been at Zurich, where he had been well acquainted with the famous Lavater. He spoke of him and of his art, with so much warmth, that I at first began to suspect that we had got Lavater himself in the coach. I, however, soon perceived, by the accent with which he pronounced French, that he was an Englishman. He mentioned various strange opinions, which his master had not ventured to put in his book, but which were still more absurd than his attributing a character to a dish of tea, and physiognomy to a cockchaffer. At these ridiculous fancies, a fat, fair lady, who sat in one corner of the coach, laughed most heartily. 'How is it possible,' said she, 'that a dish of tea can have a character? I have heard say that a cup of coffee may have virtue in fortune-telling—indeed I once had a cup of coffee turned upon myself, and it certainly was not much out, as to my fortune:—and then, a cockchaffer! Lord bless me! who ever looked at the features of a cockchaffer!—for my part, I can't tell whether he has eyes, nose, and mouth, or not.'

"Ma'am," replied the traveller, 'the cockchaffer is a species of beetle. You have, I suppose, ma'am, seen a beetle?'—'Surely, sir.'—'And, ma'am, as the immortal Shakespeare says,

The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies!"

Now, ma'am, don't you think when the poor beetle feels the corporal pang, he shews his feelings in his countenance, like any other creature? This speech was uttered with much emphasis, and with such an air of triumph, as

pleased with his own eloquence. A corpulent gentleman, dressed in a snuff-coloured coat, with gilt buttons, with a well-combed bob-wig on his head, and a gold-headed cane in his hand, who sat in the corner of the coach, diagonally opposite to the lady, exclaimed with much vehemence, 'the countenance of a cockchaffer!' As I happened to sit opposite to this sententious disputant, my foot narrowly escaped feeling the full force of his argument; for, as he spoke, he struck his gold-headed cane, with great violence, against the bottom of the coach, between my feet, which were not half-an-inch asunder. From this moment of the debate, whenever the red cheeks of my opposite neighbour began to puff, I kept my eye steadily upon his cane, that I might escape the blow with which he regularly finished his argument. I could not help observing to the company, that the extraordinary pretensions of Dr. Lavater and his followers were highly prejudicial to the art which they wished to recommend—that the reasonable claims of true physiognomists had, by these means, lost their just credit—and that, when a man now talked of forming an opinion of the characters of strangers from their countenances and manners, he was, immediately, suspected of belonging to a school which he disclaimed.

"A middle-sized, middle-aged officer, now, for the first time, opened his lips: 'I agree with you, entirely,' said he; 'a man who has seen the world, necessarily learns those marks by which the occupations and characters of individuals may with some certainty be discovered.' A young gentleman of genteel appearance, who was the fifth passenger, and who was wedged in between the traveller and the gentleman with the cane, smiled such a dissent to the assertions of the last speaker, that, without waiting for a direct answer, the officer confirmed his own opinion, by offering to put it to immediate trial, if the company would give him leave, provided the gentleman who was Lavater's pupil would give a previous specimen of his skill.

"Our fellow-travellers, with great good humour, agreed to this proposal; and we all promised that we would, without disguise, acknowledge the truth of any successful discovery, which either of the physiognomists should make. The traveller, as I call him, very gravely requested the lady to throw aside her handsome silk cloak, and let him see the shape of the *olieranon*, or tip of her elbow: to this she cheerfully consented; but, upon his desiring to see the bones of her head, beyond the precincts of her nice laced cap, she became refractory, and it was with much difficulty that she was persuaded to show a glimpse of the *os temporum*. The owner of the gold-headed cane was next persuaded to push back his wig a couple of inches, to shew the configuration of his skull. The gentleman who sat between the traveller and this important person, turned his head all manner of ways, to satisfy the anatomical curiosity of the disciple of Lavater—and I also submitted my *occiput* and *sinciput* to every investigation that he required. But in no one instance did he give satisfaction. He determined, from the conformation of the lady's elbow and temples, that she was of West Indian extraction;—that the well-bred, sensible young man, who sat next him, had a most choleric disposition, indicated by the *ossa bregmatica*;—and that, from my osteology, I must, necessarily, be of the most profoundly melancholy temperament.

"After having laughed heartily at the failure of this physiognomist of bones, the officer, with a mild countenance, free from all the airs of superior wisdom, addressed himself to the lady, whose sex required his first attentions. 'Ma-

dam,' said he, 'I don't pretend to make any discovery, when I say that you are of a good-humoured and good natured disposition; that every child could immediately perceive, in your countenance. I pretend to know, only, what have been your ordinary occupations, and what has been the general course of your life; but, in doing so, I fear to offend. If you will promise to forgive me, with your usual good-nature, if I guess right, I will submit to be upbraided as much as you please if I am wrong.' The lady having promised all that was required, the officer told her that she had been the mistress of some public-house,—whether of a coffee-house, inn, or tavern, he could not precisely tell, but he supposed the former. 'Well, sir,' says she, 'and suppose I have! I hope there is no harm in that! I don't see why people should be so curious about other people's affairs. I suppose, sir, you took care to inquire who we all were before you got into the coach.' From this the gentleman readily exculpated himself, by calling to our recollection his having been taken up at Kensington turnpike. The lady continued to vent her displeasure in angry tones, notwithstanding we all reminded her of our unanimous engagement not to be offended with the truth. At length the comely landlady, whose costly clothes and genteel address entitled her to pass at least for the wife of a justice of the peace, consented to be pacified, on condition that the officer should tell the means by which he had discovered her occupation.

"Why, madam, I formed my opinion from a very trifling circumstance: I observed, that whenever you began to speak, your right hand immediately applied itself to one particular spot, near your pocket-hole, upon which place your fingers moved incessantly during your discourse. I perceived that your fingers, from habit, moved as if they were fumbling amongst a bunch of keys."

"Sir," says the lady, recovering her good humour, 'I acknowledge that you are right; I, for many years, carried a bunch of keys under my apron, (when aprons were the fashion,) and it is likely enough that I should get the custom of feeling for the key that would probably be wanted.'

"We were all pleased with this successful effort of rational physiognomy; particularly the gentleman with the cane, who seemed delighted at the discomfiture of the landlady. 'I will be hanged,' says he, 'if you discover who I am; I think I am a bit of a judge upon these subjects, and I do not know a single point about me from which you could make a good hit.'

"Sir," says the officer, 'what you have first said, would make me suspect that you were upon the turf, notwithstanding your dress and deportment, which would lead me to think that you were a rich merchant, or perhaps an alderman; but a physiognomist depends more upon the category of accident than that of dress. If my art does not deceive me, sir, you are an auctioneer.'

"And so I am, sir; but how the devil did you find that out? you have not heard me utter twenty sentences, since we met, and not one word in my way has escaped my lips."

"That is very true," replied the officer; 'but, whenever you thought you had a conclusive argument, you always knocked down the prize in dispute to yourself, with your cane, instead of the usual hammer of business. I appeal to the gentleman opposite to you, who has parried many of your blows with great dexterity.' This observation I readily confirmed; and the company joined with me in admiring the sagacity of our fellow traveller. He passed me over,

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very slightly, observing that, like most idle gentlemen, there was nothing peculiar in my manners. The genteel young man, whom I have described as the fifth passenger, smiled at this remark, and, offering himself to the inquiring eyes of his judge, demanded what he supposed him to be?

"Sir," said the wary officer, "I acknowledge that, for a long time, I was at fault with respect to you; your knowledge of literature, and easy deportment, led me to believe that you were a gentleman of fortune, who lived in the best company; but, I am inclined to pronounce that you are a haberdasher or silk-mercier."

"I am, most certainly," said the young man, blushing, "son to Mr. —, the silk-mercier on Ludgate-hill; and I shall now be much obliged to you if you will let me know by what signs and tokens you discovered my occupation."

"Sir," said our hero, "whenever you talked eagerly, you drew the slight switch that is in your hand, through your fingers and thumb, precisely to the length of a yard; and the accuracy with which this motion was repeated, convinced me that long practice, alone, could have made you so expert."

"The young mercer was much pleased with this explanation; he was more flattered by being known to be a merchant, and, at the same time, to be taken notice of for good manners and good sense, than to pass for a man of the *ton*; without being supposed to have cultivated his mind. The anatomical physiognomist was the only person in the company who felt mortification: by pretending to knowledge beyond the true bounds of his art, he overlooked the obvious indications of character, which would have occurred to a common observer; and, though he might not have discovered the occupations of the landlady, the mercer, and the auctioneer, by a bunch of keys, a switch, and a gold-headed cane, he might have divined that the lady was not a West Indian, that the mercer was not remarkably choleric, and that I was not of the melancholic temperament."

"I am aware that what I have written, may appear extravagant and improbable—a fate that often befalls the relation of real incidents, in works of entertainment. The physiognomical anecdotes, which are preserved in the foregoing pages, are, however, true."

The ornaments are pretty and various; and, as we have said, the volume altogether very attractive.

Sketches of Corsica, &c. &c. By Robert Benson. M.A. F.L.S. 8vo. pp. 195. London 1825. Longman & Co.

MR. BENSON having a mission to Corsica about two years ago, on some affairs connected with the family and administration of the famous General Paoli, has thrown together, in this volume, such observations as occurred to him during his stay on the island. To this narrative he has added an outline of its history, and a collection of poetical specimens, to show the character of the language and the feelings of the people. With the whole we are extremely well pleased; for notwithstanding the valuable work of the Baron de Beaumont, and the productions of Boswell and Viale, there was ample room for a vivid sketch like the present, to reawaken and gratify public curiosity.

"Corsica at present forms one department of the French empire, and consists of the arrondissements of Ajaccio, Bastia, Calvi, Corte, and Sartene. These again are subdivided into cantons, and the cantons into communes. The civil divisions of the island comprise five arron-

dissements, sixty cantons, and three hundred and fifty-four communes. The prefect of the department resides at Ajaccio; a sub-prefect in each of the five arrondissements, and a mayor in each of the communes. The system by which the French departments are regulated seems to be generally inconvenient, but its defects are particularly conspicuous in Corsica, a country of mountains and almost without a road, and where all correspondence is conveyed by a messenger on foot guarded by soldiery. The prefect is frequently forced to wait seventeen days for an answer to a letter directed to a distant commune; and it sometimes happens that several months elapse before a commune can obtain permission to remove a nuisance, or remedy a trifling defect in any public work. An instance of this crying evil is afforded me by the sub-prefect of the arrondissement of Calvi. A village fountain was out of order, and fifteen francs would have paid the expense of its reparation; but it was necessary to proceed regularly in this matter. The mayor of the commune writes to the sub-prefect of the arrondissement for permission to convene a municipal council. The sub-prefect transmits the request to the prefect, the latter acquaints the sub-prefect that he authorizes the meeting of the council; the sub-prefect transmits this authority to the mayor, the mayor convokes the council, who vote accordingly. The *procès-verbal* of their deliberation is sent to the mayor and by him to the sub-prefect, who provisionally approves of it, and he transmits it to the prefect. The prefect having given his *definite* approbation, sends back the *procès-verbal* to the sub-prefect, who transmits it to the mayor, charging him to cause an estimate to be made of the expenses. The estimate is subjected to the same forms, and afterwards the particulars of the rate to be levied on the inhabitants of the commune. If these are approved of, the prefect, in the same circuitous mode as before, directs the mayor to proceed to adjudication. Of this another *procès-verbal* is made, and after a fresh *provisional* approbation of the sub-prefect and another *definitive* approbation by the prefect, the mayor gives the necessary orders for the fountain to be mended. Soon after the commencement of this long correspondence the spring ceased to flow, and the commune was without water while twenty letters, two *procès-verbaux*, an estimate, and a rate travelled successively over the island. A royal ordinance has lately in some measure remedied this sort of evil in Corsica, but still the power of the sub-prefect and mayors of the island is so circumscribed, that they can scarcely do any thing without a prior correspondence with the prefect.

"With respect to the geography of Corsica, I believe that no good map of it has ever yet been published, although a very correct survey of the island has been made, and which now hangs up in the prefecture of Ajaccio. According to M. Pietri of Sartene the circumference of Corsica is about 593 English miles, and its area 2,163,110 English acres; of which 648,590 are cultivated, 601,644 capable of cultivation, and 912,876 neither cultivated, nor capable of being so.

"By a census taken in 1821, the population of the island amounted to 180,348 individuals. Of these Bastia contains 9316 souls; Ajaccio 7401; Corte 2735; Bonifazio 2479; Sartene 2200; Porto-Vecchio 1298; Calvi 1173; Isola Rossa 748; San Fiorenzo 410; and the 345 rural communes 152,586."

"The direct contributions of all kinds levied in Corsica amount to 400,000 francs, stamps (*enregistrement*) produce 30,000 francs, and the

"* In this computation, the windings of the bays and creeks must have been reckoned."

custom-house yields 70,000 francs, making in all a revenue of 500,000 francs; so that dividing the amount of direct taxation, 400,000 francs, by the number of the population 180,348, every Corsican pays on the average 2 francs 22 centimes for the advantages of a government.

"These contributions are far from commensurate with the expenses which Corsica entails on the French treasury. France pays annually about 3,000,000 francs to maintain the island, of which the pay of the military absorbs 1,700,000 francs. If, however, we assume with the Baron de Beaumont, that the French would not diminish their military establishment, supposing Corsica to be abandoned; then the island costs the government only 1,300,000 francs per annum, and that sum may be further diminished, by considering the advantages derived by the French navy from the timber of the forests of Vizzavona and Ajtona.

"Money as a medium of traffic is seldom employed in the interior, except in the principal towns. The simple exchange of one article for another, constitutes, for the most part, the internal commerce of the natives.

"The rent of land is generally paid by a certain quantity of the produce. I learnt at Corte that an acre (*arpent*) of good land would yield the annual rent of 80 measures of corn of 20lbs. weight. Such, then, is the primitive state of the island in a commercial and agricultural point of view. That it is a country possessing great capabilities of being productive, the wild vegetation growing so luxuriantly in its valleys, abundantly indicates; but, unhappily, no excitement has hitherto been given to Corsican industry.

"The Corsican language is a corrupt Italian, and scarcely any two writers agree in their description of it." Viale, who is, perhaps, the best authority, states it to be a mixture of Tuscan, Sicilian, Sardinian, Genoese, and French.

"The Italian scholar, by substituting the letter *o* for *u*, in Corsican words, will find the greater part of them to be good Italian. The manner of speaking in Corsica is very disagreeable. The people give a rapid and abrupt utterance to their words; whilst the voice, shrill at the commencement of a sentence, gradually sinks as they finish their periods. This, coupled with their animated countenances and great gesticulation, makes one at first think that the parties talking are quarrelling. The matter of their ordinary language is very figurative. A taste for poetry is common throughout the island. Almost every peasant can repeat verses; some of these are from Italian authors; others are the mountain songs, composed by the shepherds of the interior, which pass by oral tradition from father to son.

"The mountain songs of the interior are very interesting. Framed amidst scenes singularly romantic, many of them partake of the character of the country; and as they are produced by persons unacquainted with the refined rules of poetry, they possess a spirit that seldom flows from a pen checked by the fear of critical censure. Some of these Canzone are written to satirize the French, and to extol the natives. The heroes who form the subject of others are generally banditti, or fugitive conscripts who have escaped from the vigilance of the French civil authorities, and their hardy exploits and adventures are thus perpetuated. The Corsicans are great Improvisatori; and the verses recited by women at the funerals of their husbands, although produced without premeditation, are frequently so expressive of sorrow as to affect the by-standers in a great degree."

We select, as an example of the dialect and spirit of the present songs,

"*Doccuntu burlescu fattu nella Pieve di Alesani.*"

Era Jacumu Francescu
Un omettu barbi-rossu,
Avia lu nasu inclacatu,
Ed avia lu capu grossu;
Ma s'ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.
Ellu merchiava alla fatta
Chi paria un Solimanu;
Una gamba avia diritta,
L'altra passava di pianu;
Ma s'ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.
Di matiglia avia un ghillecu,
Cu li stifali a cunpana,
Calzari di cordovau,
E un cultellu appiuzzu steccu;
Ma s'ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.
Avia lesina a fucace,
Avia una pistola a trippa,
Avia una lima mordace,
Ed avia anch' una pipa;
E s'ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.
Avia un pettinellu d'ossu,
E un taccu d'erba tabacca;
Avia anch' un bursellu rossu,
E altri mobili di stacca;
Ma s'ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.
Ellu un n'era tantu bruttu,
Ni mancu era tantu bellu,
Ma per fa, un pocu di tuttu,
Nun ci n'era cume d'ellu;
Ma s'ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.
Quand'era in conversazione
Nun facia mottu ne tottu;
Ma s'ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.
Si bidia qualche fristere
Paria toccu da lu piombu;
Nun bulia le buone sere,
Ellu no, lu mio culombu,
E fughia dalla piazza.
Cumu lu merlu di razza."

Having taken a view of the general state of the country and of its literature, we shall now devote a page to its peculiar existing characteristics. In travelling, Mr. Benson tells us:

"Leaving Vivaro, we heard from the lips of the poor Curé, that the celebrated bandit chieftain Galluccio and his followers, were in the maquis of a range of mountains to our right, and from which we were only separated by a ravine. The Curé was busy in his vineyard when we passed, but as soon as he recognised our French companion he left his work a few moments to join us. 'Sir,' said he, addressing himself to M. Cotard, 'I feel myself in imminent danger; Galluccio and his hands are in yonder mountains, and only a few evenings ago, I received a peremptory message from him, requiring 300 francs, and threatening my speedy assassination should I delay many days to comply with his demand. I have not the money, and I have sent for some military to protect me.' With all the outrages of which Galluccio and his followers are guilty, he is by no means devoid of moral feeling, and he is quite a polished character when he enters into private society, as I learnt from a French gentleman who had met him at breakfast at the house of a mutual acquaintance. My friend, when he found himself in such company, naturally betrayed a little alarm, but Galluccio reassured him, saying, 'You and yours have nothing to fear at my hands.' I should add that this gentleman has the supreme direction of the public instruction of the Corsicans, which Galluccio knew; indeed, the people generally are so anxious for education, and set so high a value on its advantages, that there is no part of the island which my friend does not traverse in safety. His office protects him from every attack. To return to Galluccio, I am really afraid to extract from my notes many of the wild adventures of this Corsican Rob Roy.

"Not long since, a shepherd personating him violated a female peasant. The chieftain soon

obtained information of the gross outrage that had been committed on his character, and finding the shepherd, took him before the Mayor of Bagniola, and this at a time when Galluccio had six sentences of death hanging over him. At the chieftain's instigation, the shepherd was compelled to espouse the poor girl. Galluccio, after the marriage had been solemnized, said to the shepherd, 'Remember that you make a good husband. I shall keep a watchful eye over your conduct; and should I learn that your wife receives any maltreatment from you, yourself and your family shall pay with their lives for your misconduct.' The man little attended to Galluccio's warning. The chieftain adhered to his threat; and the shepherd, with his father and several other members of the same family, fell victims.

"It was shortly after one of his most desperate exploits, that my friend was cast into his company. He appeared composed, his manners were exceedingly easy, and no one could have conceived so peaceable an exterior enclosed so rugged a heart. On quitting Vivaro, we were recommended to keep together; we heard the dogs of the banditti barking, thereby acquainting their masters that a cavalcade was on the road, but we met with no molestation; indeed, as we learned, unarmed travellers are seldom in danger, and even are often courteously received by these desperate characters. They make war chiefly on the police, and on those who give information that may lead to their discovery; and when no gens-d'armes are near, they securely join in the society of their countrymen.

"A Mayor of one of the communes spent the evening with us; he came on the subject of our mission. When he was leaving us, I pressed him to stay a little longer, to which he replied: 'It is dangerous for me to stay out late.'

"November 9th. This was Sunday; we amused ourselves in various ways. Exploring different parts of the Duke's house, we came to a portrait of Madame Buonaparte, Napoleon's mother, and several pictures connected with the events of the Emperor's life. Madame Mère, we were informed, was always penurious. When Captain — was at the military college at Paris, during the consulate of Napoleon, Madame Buonaparte used to invite him, as a relative, to her own house. On one of those occasions, as he was returning to the college, she made the young man the handsome present of six francs. I have this from his own lips. Amongst other curiosities I saw the hat worn by Napoleon at the battle of Austerlitz: it was exceedingly light, and of his peculiar shape; the rim of the fore part was a little torn, as if by a bullet.

"We called on the Baron Mariani; and saw la Baronne, a lady of one of the first families in France, exceedingly handsome and agreeable; she had brought him a son on the night of our arrival at Corte, her little infant was in her arms. Parturition, in Corsica, is thought nothing of. The Baron, in the evening, gave us tea à l'Anglaise, this was followed by a bowl of punch. We passed several hours very pleasantly, listening to different anecdotes, many relating to Buonaparte and his court. I may ignorantly insert some that are already before the public; if I do so I hope to obtain its indulgence.

"M. Lanjuinais was once reproached by Napoleon with seeming indifference to his exploits; the former replied: 'Sir, you have commenced like Caesar, and I fear your end will be like his.'

"M. Mercier, a literary character, and a good translator of English, was in the company of the Emperor, when a host of flatterers were paying him the most fulsome compliments. 'How is it, M. Mercier,' said Napoleon, 'that I have no-

thing from you?' 'Sire,' answered Mercier, 'the incense blackens the idol before which it burns.' Then, turning to one who had paid high-strained compliments to the Emperor, 'Yours, sir, is not even incense; it is resin.'

To this bon-mot we will add another admirable impromptu reply; at a convent near Corte, where Paoli used to meet the legislative assembly of the island, when under his government. Within these walls, one of the deputies, observing a seat which had the appearance of a throne, petulantly demanded of Paoli for what purpose that throne was intended. 'I mean it for the statue of liberty,' replied the chieftain.

The following extracts elucidate, in an entertaining manner, the customs and other characteristics of the Island:

"The Corsicans have many curious customs. The Baron de Beaumont says, 'Having wandered one evening, accompanied by a native, I wished to enter a cabin which was difficult of access. The discharge of my companion's musket announced our presence. Immediately a shepherd presented himself to us, also armed with a gun; we parleyed, and then were admitted into his dwelling.' This mode of visiting, of course requires good nerves.

"The next custom which I am going to mention is not so common as formerly, although it does not seem to be entirely out of date:—

"Mothers of families, whose husbands have been assassinated, preserve the dress of the deceased until their children grow up to manhood, and then show them the clothes tinged with the blood of their fathers, and exhort them to vengeance; and in dispute with others, the latter taunt them if they have not revenged themselves. 'Thus,' adds M. Agostini, 'these unhappy children have no other alternative than to live dishonoured, or to destroy the murderers of their parents, and they rush headlong into crime.'

"The moresca, a sort of mock fight, is a very favourite spectacle of the Corsicans, and attracts the inhabitants from all parts of the island. In this exhibition there are challenges, single combats, and a general battle, which ends with the defeat of the party representing the enemy of the nation.

"The long courtships that generally precede the marriages of a more civilized people, are here unknown; neither is the bridegroom the first proposer of the union.

"The day of marriage of young persons is one of great festivity. In the evening the bride is conducted to the house of her husband, amidst the music of violins and cetre, whilst the attendants sing a sort of gratulatory epithalamium. The husband comes out of his house at the sound of the music, and amidst the discharge of muskets, receives the company with cordiality, offering honey, fruits, wine, and other things, for their refreshment. When the married couple are advanced in years, so that the union is not likely to be fruitful, the Corsicans conduct themselves in a totally different manner. Instead of approaching the bridegroom's house with instruments of music, they come then with spades, horns, discordant bells, and make a frightful *charivari*. Thus denoting their disapprobation of a marriage which cannot fulfil one of the chief ends for which it was destined.

"The bridegroom so circumstanced bears this affront with good grace, since the custom is very ancient.

"The Corsican wife is little more than the slave and drudge of her haughty master. He rides on his mule, whilst she paces along at his side. To the cultivation of the plot of ground that surrounds his hut, the wife has to attend,

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whilst he smokes his pipe beneath the shady chestnut, or roams about the mountains with his gun and his dog. But with this dreadful disparity of condition between the husband and wife, the latter is seldom cruelly treated, and infidelity to the marriage contract is very rare. Children do not meet with equal attention from their parents; the sons engrossing nearly all the little property possessed by the family, whilst a daughter has nothing to look forward to in leaving the home of her father, but to become the slave of her husband.

"It is not uncommon to see two families dining at the same table, and warming themselves at the same fire."

"The education of their children is as rude as their mode of life: a few maxims are all the parents inculcate into their offspring. They instruct them to believe in God and their religion, but omit the Christian precept of the forgiveness of injuries; on the contrary, they teach them to revenge insults. The sons no sooner arrive at the age of puberty, than their parents buy them arms, or lend them their own; telling them, that being men, and as strong as other men, they ought to see their rights respected. These words, engraven on the heart of the young Corsican, are always occurring to his thoughts, and frequently lead to the most frightful consequences. What those rights are, does not depend with him upon any dry definitions, it is enough that he feels insulted; and thus in his own person he often unites the different characters of legislator, of judge, and of executioner."

This state of things is well illustrated by the annexed stories:

"To be hospitable to friends, to acquaintances, and even to strangers, is one of the first duties instilled into the mind of the Corsican; and the traveller may knock at any peasant's hut, secure of sharing the fare of its owner. He must not, however, offer his host a pecuniary recompense; for that would be considered insulting. Indeed, the duty of hospitality is here sometimes carried to a romantic extent, as the following traits will evince.

"The families of Polo and of Rocco had long entertained a violent hatred towards each other. The former resided in the village of Tosa, the latter at Orbellara. Important business called the chief of the family of Polo into the neighbourhood of Orbellara; and as he left his house suddenly, he conceived his rivals would not be aware of his journey. When about to return homeward, he learnt that emissaries of Rocco were lying in ambuscade to attack him. The day was on the decline, and darkness soon surrounded him; whilst one of those dreadful tempests arose, which are not unfrequent in the south of Europe.

"Polo knew not which way to direct his steps; each moment he expected to find himself in the midst of his enemies, to whom the flashes of lightning were so likely to discover him. Danger thus besetting him on all sides, he determined to knock at the house of his antagonist, Rocco, the chief of the family. A servant appears. 'Go,' said he to her, 'tell your master that Polo wishes to speak with him.' At this name, so dreaded by all the family, the servant trembled with horror. At length Rocco presented himself; and with a calm look, and unfaltering voice, asked Polo what he wanted of him at such an hour. 'Hospitality,' Polo answered; adding, 'I know that many of your household are concealed in my road homeward, for the purpose of taking my life; the weather is frightful; and I know not how to avoid death, unless you afford me, for this night, an asylum.' 'You are welcome,' replied Rocco; 'you do me justice, and I thank you.' Then taking him by

the hand, Rocco presented him to his family, who gave him a cold, although a courteous reception. After supper Polo was conducted to his chamber. 'Sleep in peace,' said his host; 'you are here under the protection of honour.' On the following morning, after breakfast, Rocco, well knowing that his emissaries were watching for Polo, conducted his guest to a torrent beyond which he might securely proceed. They here parted; and Rocco added, as he bade his companion adieu!—'In receiving you into my house, I have done my duty. You would have saved my life under similar circumstances; here then ends the rights of hospitality. You have insulted me; and my hostility has been for a time suspended: but it revives on our parting; and I now declare to you again, that I seek for revenge. Escape me if you can; as I, on my part, shall be on my watch against you.' 'Listen,' replied Polo; 'my heart is overwhelmed, and my anger is extinguished. Follow your projects of revenge, if you choose; but, for me, I will never stain my hands with the blood of one to whom I owe my life. I have offended you, you say; well, forget it, and let us be friends.' Rocco paused for a moment, embraced his enemy, and a reconciliation ensued, which, extending itself to the two families, they lived afterwards on the best terms imaginable. - - -

"In the instance above related, the virtue of hospitality suspended the most violent hatred. I now present the reader with an example of the terrific effects induced by a neglect of it; an example, indeed, which the island witnessed only a short time before my arrival.

"The laws relating to the conscription are very unpopular in Corsica, and the young conscripts frequently fly to the mountains to escape from service in the French army. The gendarmerie are employed in the arduous and dangerous service of pursuing the refugees. On one of these occasions, a conscript presented himself to a shepherd of the interior, begging for concealment. The shepherd said, 'My house is at your service, but I think that of my son better adapted for your security; go to him, tell him I send you for protection.' The conscript departed and was received by the shepherd's son. There the gens-d'armes soon discovered him; and the old shepherd, learning that his son had been treacherous to the conscript, and that he had yielded to the temptation of a bribe, went to his son's house; and his suspicions being confirmed by actual confession, he destroyed his child on the spot."

With these striking instances of sentiments and conduct which belong to a rude people, we conclude. Their resemblance to the manners of ancient Germany, as painted by Tacitus, is very strong; and it is strange, that an island which has long been in close intercourse with the most polished nations of Europe, should at this day present so many curious features of the wild and uncivilized of olden times.

Botano-Theology, an arranged Compendium, chiefly from Smith, Keith, and Thomson. 8vo. pp. 112. Oxford, J. Parker. London, J. Murray, and Rivingtons. 1825.

WE believe the public is indebted for this work, to John Duncan, Esq., Fellow of New College; and though slight in its form, it is an exceedingly pleasant and interesting book. A "nameless Dedication" introduces it in rather an odd manner, it is true; but we soon come to the marrow of its purpose, which seems chiefly to be to follow up Paley's illustration of the proof of divine agency from the human anatomy, by a similar train of arguments deduced from the structure, uses, &c. of plants,

"On a hill," says the author, "amidst a fertile country abounding in produce beneficial to man, what principally meets the eye under the cope of heaven? Vegetation. It presents even to the first glance a vast diversity of form and colour; the eye and heart are delighted. With all qualities by which visible objects excite such delight, we connect the general term beauty. The eye of man is adapted, harmonized to the perception of beauty. The forms and colours of external objects are adapted and harmonized to the excitement of such perception. Combinations of more or less pleasing form, with more or less pleasing colour, together with various concurrences of incidents remembered or anticipated by imagination, advance enjoyment from simple gratification to the height of ecstasy. Do not these widely extended and constantly perceptible harmonies belong to a generally harmonized system, by which exterior objects are thus endued with fitness to affect the eye of man, and the eye to move the soul, or strictly, in the terms of actual experience, to excite emotion? And can a harmonized system, fitting together in moral relations, things wholly disjointed and widely separated in physical condition, be rationally supposed to exist without a harmonizer, a designer, possessing intelligence and power equal to such extent and diversity of harmony, far beyond the reach of human capacity to measure? For even the utmost stretch of human capacity and learning confessedly can penetrate but a little way into the mysterious surface, the wonder-teeming boundary of created nature."

"Thus the first view of the vegetable world is calculated to prepare the mind for the expectation of important truth, to be developed in every stage of accurate investigation. Attention is fixed by diversity. If there were only one colour and one form in nature, we should exist in a state of blue, green, or yellow darkness; all our instinctive capacities of attention, memory, imagination, emotion, passion, would exist in vain, must be wholly unknown, and, as to use, be as if non-existent, for nothing could excite them. But the diversity of objects calculated to excite our faculties and emotions is infinite. This diversity, therefore, cannot be the result of one uniform blind impulse of necessity or chance."

We need not go into the details by which the author enforces these sound principles; it will be sufficient to say, that they comprehend and develop most of the wonderful varieties and properties of objects which come within the purview of botanical science. We cannot refrain, however, from demonstrating this more particularly, by one or two characteristic extracts:

"There are yet diversities which distinguish, and similitudes or analogies which connect in groups and families, the individuals of the vegetable world, which belong rather to some unknown innate principle, marking peculiarity of destination, than to any known chymical property or condition of form or mechanism, of organization or locality. This principle, in its relation to plants, is manifestly analogous to the vital principle in animals. 'It renders the subject in which it inheres capable of counteracting the laws of chymical affinity.' Animal bodies, when the power of self-motion has ceased, soon exhibit the commencement of the chymical action and reaction of their component substances in the incipient symptoms of putrefaction. These laws of chymical affinity have been for a definite time totally suspended, just while the animal or plant has passed through a definite number of changes, or definite course of growth, having relation to the continuance of its species, and to various physical and moral benefits of other races of differently constituted beings."

"The vital principle is affected by external stimuli; hence the well known tendency of plants to lean or turn from the ordinary position of their stems or boughs, when in a dark situation, towards another which affords a freer access of light. The daughter of Linnæus is said to have been the earliest observer of the folding back of the trifoliate leaves of clover during the night. The leaflets of robinia and liquorice are pendulous at night. The leaves of mimosa pudica fold themselves, and overlap one another: they thus seem composed to rest, after exposure to the stimuli of daylight. This Linnæus has called the sleep of plants. But this is an ordained, and not a necessary consequence of the stimulus of light acting on vegetable fibre. Many flowers only expand when the sun shines, and close their petals at night. Though many open their blossoms in the morning, and close them at night, yet many species differ as to their hours of opening and closing, and the succession of their periodical times has been called the *Horologium Floræ*. But some plants only open their blossoms and exhale their sweet perfumes at night, as the *cenothera*, or tree-primrose, the night-blowing stock and cereus, or cactus grandiflora. Changes in the state of the atmosphere affect and are foreshewn by the opening and shutting of many flowers. 'If the Siberian sow-thistle shuts at night, the ensuing day will be fine; and if it opens, it will be cloudy and rainy. If the African marigold continue shut after seven o'clock in the morning, rain is near at hand. If the convolvulus arvensis, calendula fluvialis, or anagallis arvensis, red pimpernel, are fully open, they will close upon the approach of rain; the last of which, from its peculiar susceptibility, has obtained the name of the poor man's weather-glass.—Some flowers turn toward the sun in the morning, are nearly erect at noon, and incline to the west in the evening. This property is called *nutation*. The fable of *Clytie* shews that it was noticed by the ancients. Wheat, and probably other corn, bending with weight of grain, is observed to bend always towards the south.'—Keith. Quære, whether at the Cape of Good Hope the inclination be northward. . . .

"Some plants are especially remarkable for their peculiar irritability, and no less for a configuration which demonstrates the especial purpose for which this rare property has been given, over and above the general purpose of demonstrating to beings endowed with intellect, that nature is not a mere libration of blind, necessarily-acting forces, a mere system of unchangeable and eternal actions and reactions, of parts without respect to wholes, of progression without relation to remote consequence, of individuals without respect to other beings, different in physical condition, and even to beings endowed with moral excellencies. This property is well exemplified in the genus *mimosa*, particularly in that species well known by the name of the sensitive plant. The leaves of *dionea muscipula* close exactly like a gin, and ensnare, and commonly squeeze to death, any insect which alights on a circular process at the apex. A similar property has been observed in the leaves of the *drosera*, or sun-dew. The stamina of the common *herb-ber* and of the *stydium glandulosum* exhibit similar sensibility.

"But the two most remarkable facts, one of sensitiveness, and one of something nearly allied to instinct, are so well detailed by Mr. Keith, that I shall cite his words without abridgement.

"The *hedysarum gyrans* is a native of India, and grows on the banks of the Ganges; its leaves are ternate, the middle leaflet being larger, and the lateral leaflets smaller. All of them are

in perpetual motion up and down, sometimes equally, and sometimes by jerks, but without any union between each other; the motion being always the most distinct and most rapid in the lateral leaflets.—This movement does not depend upon the application of any external stimulus, because it takes place alike by night and by day, in the dark and in the light, and requires only a very warm and fine day to be effected in the best style; the leaves exhibiting then a sort of tremulous motion in addition to that already described.' Vol. ii. p. 464.

"The *valisneria spiralis* is a plant growing in the ditches of Italy. It is of the class *dicocia*, producing its fertile flowers on the extremity of a long and slender stalk, twisted spirally like a corkscrew, which uncoiling of its own accord, about the time of the opening of the blossom, elevates the flowers to the surface of the water, and leaves them to expand in the open air. The barren flowers are produced in great numbers upon short upright stalks, issuing from a different root; from which they detach themselves about the time of the expansion of the female blossom, mounting up like little air-bubbles, and suddenly expanding when they reach the surface, where they float about in great numbers among the female blossoms, and often cling to them in clusters, so as to cover them entirely: thus bringing the stamens and pistils into immediate contact, and giving the anthers an opportunity of discharging their pollen immediately over the stigma. When this operation has been performed, the now uncoiled stalk of the female plant begins again to resume its original and spiral form, and gradually sinks down, as it gradually rose, to ripen its fruit at the bottom of the water.' Vol. ii. p. 320.

"Thus diversified is the address of the Creator to his creatures. From the starry concave, from the spheres of the revolving planets, to the most minute particles which are linked by chymical affinities, or by the peculiar laws of vegetable and animal assimilation, he demonstrates the boundless extent of productive and conservative power. Innumerable diversities shew, that the ordaining principle is not necessarily limited to any conditions of exertion. Innumerable manifestations of delight, amongst all beings to which a sentient faculty of any kind is probably attributable, are proofs of goodness to the utmost extent of our narrow observation; and progressive time continually demonstrates its existence where human ignorance, impatience, and presumption could see only evil."

Carrying on the chain of reasoning, Mr. Duncan, comprising much curious information in a few words, observes,

"Some insects live for a day; they impregnate, receive impregnation, deposit eggs, and die, as the sun which saw their birth at morn descends at eve below the horizon. The fulfilment of their natural functions hurries them to the tomb. Some, separately confined from such opportunity, linger in life without activity a few days, and wither. If a butterfly be shut up in a room, and not suffered to unite with others, it will remain in health for half the year; but after breeding life soon terminates. After this period, the hart sheds his horns; birds decline in brilliancy of colour; fish in beauty and flavour. Some flowers bloom but for a few hours of day or night, some for a few days, some for a few weeks; some preserve their blossoms, or produce them in succession for several months. Some, and those the most important to human use, ripen their seeds, and die to the root in less than a year: all our corn and pulse.

"In annual and biennial plants," says Dr. Hunter, one may observe, that before they have

flowered they resist the cold of winter, e.g. pinks and lychnises; but if they flower the first year, as soon as winter approaches, they generally die; if they do not flower, they will often continue in vigour three or four years. The plaitain-tree has often continued in the gardens of Holland for a hundred years; but when it has once flowered, no art, skill, or experience can prevent its lofty stem from perishing in the year following. The corypha, or umbrella palm-tree, remains barren for thirty-five years, growing in that time to the height of seventy feet; in the space of four months from that time it rises thirty feet higher, puts forth its flowers, and produces fruit the same year; which done, it totally dies, both root and stem."

"Plants, says Decandolle, are either annual, biennial, or perennial; but annuals, if they become double, and therefore fail to produce seed, will experience a prolongation of vegetable life. Biennials become annuals if transported to a warmer climate; and perennials, as ricinus, become annual in a colder region. Some, as the agave, or American aloe, live to a hundred years, but never flower a second time. Some plants, however, which Decandolle calls polycarpiques, produce flowers indefinitely, not from the same flower-stalk, but from numerous flower-buds annually appearing and dying on their numerous branches.

"Thus it hath pleased Providence to display further diversity of power, by witnesses conspicuous for their gigantic bulk and loftiness, that even in this world the general destroyer Death is controlled and bound by the will of the great Ordainer."

In conclusion, we have only to add, that we have received great satisfaction from the perusal of this (only too short) volume; which we accordingly recommend in the warmest manner.

The Magic Ring; a Romance. From the German of Frederick, Baron de la Motte Fouqué. 12mo, 3 vols. Edinb. 1825. Oliver & Boyd.

Of the productions of this author, Undina is, we think, by far the most interesting; but it is stated, that the *Magic Ring* is even more popular in Germany. That this popularity cannot be built on the incidents in the romance is pretty evident; for they are of the most improbable class of chivalry and magical adventures; of encounters closely resembling each other, and of superstitions and enchantments without end. To what, therefore, are we to attribute the great success of this work? In the first place, probably, to the clever imitation of antiquity in the style in which it is written; and in the second, to its mystical and allegorical sense: in this, it is truly to the German taste. The characters seem all to be impersonations of countries or opinions; and the contests all emblematical of political or religious struggles. Germany, Italy, France, England, the Northern Nations, Greece, &c. are figured in various ways; the papal faith, aristocracy, the middle orders, commerce, kingly power, are treated in a similar manner, and we dare say, being well understood in the original, must produce an effect, of the extent of which we can hardly be conscious. The Romance is, however, well translated, and contains much to entertain the English reader, if perused simply as a tale of wonders and knightly exploits; and without any desire to fathom its symbolical allusions. To illustrate these, we quote a page or two. Theobaldo, a merchant of Milan, has shot a knight's falcon, for which his Lord, Otto, is called to account, and the following ensues: "He (Theobaldo) went up with a look of defiance to the stranger sportsman, and said,—'If

was I alone, without being commanded, or receiving permission from any one, who took aim at your falcon; and I only, therefore, am to be spoken with on that matter.' 'Stand back, Theobaldo,' said Sir Otto; 'thou seem'st not aware of the guilt thou hast brought on thine own shoulders, in thus having infringed the laws of hunting and of knighthood, by taking aim at a prey so noble.' 'Nay, I know it all full well,' answered Theobaldo. 'You princes and knights have divided this world into special portions for your own private advantage; and as to the rights freely bestowed by Providence on other men, it is said, that they never must exercise them. Mark you, sirs, it is said so; but it follows not that the rules you have laid down will always be observed. That independence which Milan has maintained as a free town, every Milanese will also support in his own proper person, in despite of king or emperor, count or duke. In proof of these words, I shall now shoot a few more birds.' And, with these words, he again stretched his cross-bow. 'You have, in truth, chosen a strange-minded squire for your attendant, Sir Knight,' observed the stranger. But thereupon Sir Otto, vehemently incensed, and feeling the spirit of knighthood insulted and outraged within him, suddenly tore the cross-bow out of Theobaldo's hands, broke it into pieces in a moment, stamp on it with his feet, and then scattered the fragments about the meadow. 'This conduct translated into audible words,' said Theobaldo, 'means no doubt a last adieu!' And as the knight turned from him with disdainful glances, he went gloomily to his Polish steed, and began to adjust the saddle and bridle. Otto's war-horse perceiving this, came also trotting up, with kind and joyous looks; but Theobaldo repulsed him peevishly, saying, 'Ay, ay, thou would'st yet bear me company, but thy master wills it not, and, therefore, thou too may go thine own way.' Otto, hearing this new insult, called to his charger, drew the saddle-girths closer, and mounted; after which he readily accepted the stranger's invitation, that he should accompany him to a neighbouring castle, in order that, amid a numerous party of brother knights, he might forget all vexation at the strange event which had brought about their meeting. Theobaldo was also mounted, and rode slowly away, while Sir Otto and the stranger took an opposite direction. The two horses neighed aloud, and wished to reunite each other; but their riders still spurred them on, although they could not help turning round with looks of regret and melancholy.

There is much of the same character with the foregoing, which we confess our inability to expound; and we shall therefore content ourselves with adding one of the many episodes with which the main story is interspersed, and which may be read as a general example of the work, as our first quotation is of its peculiarly allegorical features:

"In the distant northern kingdom of Sweden, there are not only people yet living under the clouds of ignorance and pagan superstition, but, especially on the borders of Finland, are many unfortunate victims of witchcraft and necromancy, which arts are still practised there by magicians and sorcerers, who can bring against their enemies all sorts of evil in body, goods, and estate. Just on the Finland frontier there is situated a high mountain, which, on the Swedish side, is covered with beautiful copsewood, and on the other with dark pine-trees, so closely ranked together, and so luxuriant in shade, that one might almost say, the smallest bird could not find his way through the thickets. Below the copsewood there stands a chapel with the

image of St. George, as guardian of the land, and a defence against the dragons, (if there be such,) and other monsters of paganism; while on the other side, on the borders of the dark fir-wood, are certain cottages inhabited by wicked sorcerers, who have, moreover, a cave cut so deep into the mountain, that it joins with the bottomless abyss, whence come all the devils that assist them. The Swedish Christians, who dwell in the neighbourhood of this mountain, thought it would be necessary, besides the chapel and statue of St. George, to choose some living protector, and therefore selected an ancient warrior, highly renowned for his prowess in the battle-field, and who had in his old age become a monk. When this man went to take up his abode on the mountains, his only son (for he had formerly lived as a married man in the world) would on no account leave him; but lived there also, assisting his father in his duties as watcher, and in the exercises of prayer and penitence, fully equalling the example that was now afforded him, as he had formerly done by his bravery as a soldier. The life here led by those two valiant champions is said to have been most edifying and pious.

"Once on a time it happened, that the young hero went out to cut wood in the forest. He bore a sharp axe on his shoulders, and was besides girded with a great sword; for, as the woods were not only full of wild beasts, but also haunted by wicked men, the pious hermits took the precaution of always going armed. While the good youth was forcing his way through the thickest of the copsewood, and already beheld over it the pointed tops of the fir-trees, (for he was close on the Finland frontier,) there rushed out against him a great white wolf, so that he had just time enough to leap to one side, and not being able immediately to draw his sword, he flung the axe at his assailant. The blow was so well aimed, that it struck one of the wolf's fore-legs, who being cruelly wounded, limped back, with a yell of anguish, into the wood. The young hermit-warrior, however, thought to himself, 'It is not enough that I am rescued, but I must take such measures that no one else may in future be injured, or even terrified by this wild beast.' So he rushed in as fast as possible among the fir-trees, and inflicted such a vehement blow with his sword on the wolf's head, that the animal, moaning piteously, fell to the ground. Hereupon there came over him all at once a strange mood of regret and compassion for his poor victim. Instead of putting it immediately to death, he bound up the wounds, as well as he could, with moss and twigs of trees, placed it on a sort of canvas sling, on which he was in the habit of carrying great faggots, and with much labour brought it home, in hopes that he might be able at last to cure and tame his fallen adversary.

"He did not find his father in the cottage, and it was not without some fear and anxiety that he laid the wolf on his own bed, which was made of moss and rushes, and over which he had painted a figure of St. George and the dragon. He then turned to the fire-place of the small hut, in order to prepare a healing salve for the wounds; but, when thus occupied, how was he surprised to hear the moanings and lamentations of an articulate voice from the bed on which he had just before deposited the wolf! On returning thither, his astonishment was inexpressible on perceiving, instead of the frightful wild beast, a most beautiful damsel, on whose head the wound which he had inflicted was bleeding through her fine golden hair, and whose right arm, in all its grace and snow-white lustrance, was stretched out motionless, for it had been broken by the

blow from his axe! 'Pray,' said she, 'have pity, and do not kill me outright. The little life that I have still left, is indeed painful enough, and may not last long,—yet and as my condition is, it is yet tenfold better than to die!'—The young man then knelt down weeping beside her, and she explained to him how she was the daughter of a magician on the other side of the mountain, who had sent her out in the shape of a wolf to collect plants from places which, in her own proper form, she could not have reached. It was but in terror that she had made that violent spring, which the youth had mistaken for an attack on him, when her only wish had been to pass him by. 'But you directly broke my right arm,' said she, 'though I had no evil design against you!' How she had now regained her proper shape she could not imagine; but to the youth it was quite clear, that the picture of St. George and the dragon had broken the spell by which the poor girl had been transformed.

"While the son was thus occupied, the old man returned home, and soon learned all that had occurred, perceiving, at the same time, that if the young pagan wanderer had been released from the spells by which she had been bound, the youth was in his turn enchanted, and spell-bound by her beauty and amiable behaviour.

"From that moment he exerted himself to the utmost for the welfare of her soul, endeavouring to convert her to Christianity, while his son attended to the cure of her wounds; and, as their endeavours were on both sides successful, it was resolved among them, that the lovers should be united in holy bonds of matrimony, for the youth had not yet restricted himself by any monastic vows.

"The magician's daughter was now restored to perfect health; a day had been appointed for her baptism and marriage, before which it happened that the bride and bridegroom went to take a pleasure-walk one evening through the woods. The sun was yet high in the west, and shone so fervently through the beech-trees on the green turf, that they could never resolve on returning home, but always came deeper and deeper into the forest. Then the bride told him stories of her early life; and sang old songs, which she had learned when a child, and which sounded beautifully amid the woodland-solitude. Though the words were such that they could not be agreeable to the youth's ears, (for she had learned them among her pagan and wicked relations,) yet he could not interrupt her; first, because he loved her so dearly; and, secondly, because she sung in a voice so clear and sweet, that the whole forest seemed to rejoice in her music. At last, however, the pointed heads of the pine trees again became visible, and the youth wished to turn back, in order that he might not come again too near the accursed Finland frontier. His bride, however, said to him,—'Dearest Conrad,' (for that was his name,) 'why should we not walk on a little farther? I would gladly see the very place where you wounded me so cruelly on the head and arm, and made me a prisoner; all which has in the end only contributed to my happiness. Methinks we are now very near the spot.' Accordingly they sought about here and there, till at last the twilight fell dim and heavily on the dense woods. The sun had long since set; the moon had risen, however, and as her light broke forth the lovers stood on the Finland frontier,—or rather they must have gone already some distance beyond it, for the bridegroom was exceedingly terrified when he found his cap lifted from his head, as if by a human hand, though this was only the branch of a fir-tree. Immediately thereafter

the whole air around them was filled with strange and supernatural beings,—witches, devils, dwarfs, horned owls, fire-eyed cats, and a thousand other wretches that could not be named or described, whirled around them, as if dancing to rapid music; at which, when the bride had looked on for a while, she broke out into loud laughter, and at last began to dance furiously along with them. The poor bridegroom might shout and pray, as much and as earnestly as he would, for she never attended to him, but at last transformed herself in a manner so extraordinary, that he could not distinguish her from the other dancers in that abominable waltz. He thought, however, that he had kept his eyes upon her, and seized on one of the dancers; but, alas! it was only a horrible spectre that held him fast, and threw her wide-
waving shroud around him, so that he could not make his escape: while, at the same time, some of the subterranean black demons pulled at his legs, and wanted to tear him down along with them into their bottomless caves.

"Fortunately he happened at that moment to cross himself, and call on the name of our Saviour; upon which the whole of this vile assembly fell into confusion. They howled aloud, and ran off in all directions; while, in the mean time, he saved himself by recrossing the frontiers, and getting under the protection of the Swedish copsewood. His beautiful bride, however, was completely lost, and by no endeavours could he ever obtain her again, though he often came to the Finland border, called out her name aloud, wept and prayed; but all in vain! Many times, it is true, he saw her floating about through the pine-trees, as if in the chase, but she was always accompanied by a train of frightful creatures, and she herself also looked wild and disfigured. For the most part she never noticed Conrad; but, if she could not help fixing her eyes on him, she laughed so immoderately, and in a mood of merriment so strange and unnatural, that he was terrified, and made the sign of the cross; whereupon she always fled away howling into the thickets. He felt more and more into melancholy abstraction, hardly ever spoke, and though he had given over his vain walks into the forest, yet, if one asked him any question, the only answer he returned was, 'Ay, she is gone away beyond the mountains!'—so little did he know or remember of any other object in the world but the lost beauty! At last he died of grief;—and, according to a request which he had once made, his father prepared a grave for him on the place where the bride was found and lost; though, during the fulfilment of this duty, he had enough to do, one while in contending with the cruxifix against evil spirits, and at another with his sword against wild beasts, which were no doubt sent thither by the magicians to attack and annoy him. At length, however, he brought his task to an end, and thereafter it seemed as if the bride mourned for the youth's untimely death; for there was heard often a sound of howling and lamentation at the grave. For the most part indeed this noise is like the voices of wolves, yet, at the same time, human accents are to be distinguished, and I myself have often listened thereto on dark winter nights."

We may finally notice that there are many brief passages of beautiful comparison, and what might be esteemed poetical imagery—some rather far-fetched, but the whole of an uncommon class.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Wesleyana. 12mo. pp. 457. London 1825. W. Booth.

A selection of the most striking passages in the writings of that remarkable person, John Wesley,

the founder of a very numerous and important sect of Dissenters, to whom this little volume must be very acceptable. All the doctrines of the Methodists seem to be fully elucidated in these pages.

The Hot-house and Green-house Manual. By Robert Sweet, F.L.S. 2d edition, 8vo. pp. 576. London 1825. Ridgway.

This useful and valuable compendium of botanical knowledge, as addressed to the general cultivation of stove and green-house plants; to the description of their nature, as well as that of more hardy trees and shrubs; to the management of annuals, biennials, and plants in rooms; has deservedly reached a second edition. It is a very complete and excellent work, and furnishes all the information that can be required on the subjects of which it treats.

Selections from the Works of the Latin Poets. With English Notes. Part II. 12mo. pp. 336. London 1825. Baker & Fletcher; and Simpkin & Marshall.

This part contains a life of Virgil; * the 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th eclogues; the Georgics and the Æneid. It is clearly and neatly printed, and in a cheap form, so that its utility may be more widely extended. At a period when education is being so generally diffused; it is a very praiseworthy thing to enable the less informed and the forgetful to cultivate or renew an acquaintance with classical literature; and this design appears to us to be well calculated to answer that purpose.

* The first part, we believe, was from Horace.

Spanish Magazine.

MR. ACKERMANN'S interesting publication, entitled *Variedades, ó Mensajero de Londres*, which we have several times had occasion to notice, has now reached its ninth Number, completing the work in two volumes.* The illustrations and embellishments possess much of that beauty and taste which in general characterises the works of art that issue from the same press; and the colouring of the prints deserves particular commendation, both for delicacy and brilliancy. With regard to literature, the approbation which we thought due to the former Numbers, cannot be withheld from the present. We have a continuation of Don Jose Antonio Conde's History of the Arabs in Spain; a concluding notice of the Spanish Embassy to Tamerlane; and a variety of articles well adapted to South America, both with a view to the instruction and the entertainment of the people in that quarter of the world. Among this class of articles is a biographical Sketch of Don Ramos Arispe, who, as president of the Constitutional Committee of the Mexican Congress, drew up the plan of the Federal Constitution, adopted on the 4th of October, 1824. The portrait of this gentleman, finely engraved by Cooper, forms a frontispiece to this number.

Mr. Blanco White, the editor, has taken leave of his South American readers, in an impressive and interesting address.

* Though this design is now completed, we are informed that the plan of publishing a Spanish Magazine, devoted to the same objects, is not relinquished, but that the *Mensajero* is to be succeeded by a work entitled, *Correo Literario y Político de Londres*, which will appear quarterly.

Parables from the German.

This little volume consists of a judicious selection from one of those *bijoux* for which the literature of Germany is so celebrated, and which we are now imitating so successfully. A spirit of unostentatious piety pervades the work;

and there is a character and naïveté about it, which it is difficult to preserve in another idiom. The following attempt, however, is made, as even the least important of these pieces are likely to benefit youthful readers; and being transferred to our pages, may well serve

"To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

"The Elder-staff."—A hunter went into the country with his son, where it chanced that a deep brook flowed between two fields. The boy would have followed his father over the brook, but he could not, for it was very broad. He therefore cut a bough from a bush that grew near, and placing it as a staff in the midst of the water, leaned himself boldly upon it, and gave an adventurous spring: But ah! it was the branch of an elder-tree; and as the boy swung over the brook, the staff broke in two: he fell into the deep stream, and the waves rushed violently over him. At this moment a herdsman who had seen him from a distance, ran up to the spot, and sorely lamented the misfortune; but the boy blew the water from him, and swam laughing to the bank. Then said the herdsman to the hunter, 'You seem to have taught your son many things well, but one thing you have forgotten—why have you not accustomed him to investigate thoroughly the innermost parts, before he opens his heart to full confidence? Had he but first examined the tender pith of the elder, he would not then have trusted to its deceitful bark.'—'Friend,' rejoined the hunter, 'his strength has been well practised, and his eye has been sharpened by exercise; thus can I fearlessly trust him to his own experience. Time, alas! too soon may teach him to mistrust; yet, in the day of temptation will he remain upright, for his eye is clear and his strength is proved.'"

"The Bed of Pinks."—Dearest mother, give us each a bed of flowers, that we can tend ourselves; me one, and Gustavus one, and sister one, and let each of us carefully cultivate our own."

"So spake the little Frederick to his mother, and she granted his request, and gave to each a bed, full of beautiful pinks; and the children rejoiced beyond measure, and said, 'As soon as our pinks bloom, what a glorious sight it will be!'—for it was not yet time for the flowers, and the buds were scarcely formed."

"But the little Frederick was impatient in his heart, and could not wait calmly for the time of their blowing: for he wished his pinks to bloom earlier than the rest. So he went to his flower-bed, and took the buds in his hand, and admired them in their green envelopes; and was more and more delighted when the bursting leaflets disclosed the red and variegated tints. But still the buds opened too slowly, and he could stop no longer. He then broke open the flowers, and loosened their petals at once. 'Now,' cried he, with an exulting voice, 'now my pinks are blown!' But, alas! scarcely had the sun shone upon them, than they drooped down their heads; and ere it was yet noon, they were withered and faded away. And the boy wept as if his heart would break."

"But his mother said: 'Impatient child! may these be the last joys of thy life that thou wilt ever lose by thy presumptuous folly; then, indeed, wilt thou not have purchased thy knowledge too dearly.'"

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Nov. 21.

The little *Leontine Fay*, who astonished the town so much some two or three years ago, at the 'Theatre of *Madame*,' comes forward again in Paris, grown a handsome young woman, and promises to keep up a reputation, so often forfeited

“M. S.”

October 7, 11h. 50m.		deg.	min.
Distance from	Deneb . . .	21	50 E.
—	Menkar . . .	26	45 S. W.
—	Fomalhaut . . .	45	40 E.
—	Aldebaran . . .	49	40 S.

On this night its appearance was very brilliant, its tail extending 10 and 12 degrees to Baten Kaitos.

October 11, 12h.		deg.	min.
Distance from	Deneb . . .	15	40 S. E.
—	Menkar . . .	39	52 S. W.
—	Pleiades . . .	61	0 S.
—	Aldebaran . . .	60	50 S.
—	Rigel in Orion . . .	55	25 W.

Tail, 8 or 10 degrees.

In each observation, the angle was measured from the centre of the nucleus, which exhibited all those fluctuations of brightness for which comets are so remarkable.

The course it pursued while above our horizon, may be delineated on a globe, or celestial atlas, by drawing a line through Aldebaran, and Lucida Pleiadum: this line bisected at right angles, by another produced each way, will indicate very nearly its path, the inclination of its orbit, and the place of its node.

The Comet was nearest the Sun, when several large spots were successively traversing its disc; one, distinguished by a numerous train of smaller ones, which frequently changed their relative position. The frequency, and constant transformation of these spots, indicated considerable action in the Solar atmosphere.

An interesting coincidence suggested itself on comparing the mean temperature of the under-mentioned years, during parts of the months of September and October, with the present year, and the corresponding days, the result of which is sufficiently remarkable to be recorded:

	Lowest.	Highest
1821 - - 46½	- - 63½	
1822 - - 45½	- - 61½	
1823 - - 39	- - 58½	
1824 - - 43½	- - 61	
1825 - - 50	- - 65	

Fahrenheit's Thermometer.

Hence it appears that the excess is in favour of a presumption, that our atmosphere was excited by the Comet's influence.

At a late sitting of the French Academy, M. Gregory detailed some interesting facts connected with vaccination in Piedmont. A great many gold medals had been distributed to different vaccinators; and within these last five years, vaccinations had doubled; in 1824 they were 68,632; births scarcely double, 117,000.

M. Dupuytren rose and delivered himself at great length on the question of the contagion of yellow fever, he being charged, with Messrs. Portal and Magendie, with the *examen* of the treatise on that subject by M. Costa. He observed that they were not of opinion that M. Costa had by any means proved a non-contagion, nor should any of the sanitary measures be relaxed, until it is "mathematically" proved that contagion is but a chimera of the brain. Many new lights have, however, been struck out of the arguments brought into play on the side of the non-contagionists, which may prove useful. *Cordons sanitaires* are approved by these gentlemen, but not to be bound too close round the evil; it being found absolutely necessary, by experience, that the sick should quit the spot where the disease is caught; not that whole towns and villages should have a choice in their emigration, but be assigned to some spot, and in tents rather than houses.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At the first sitting of the Society for the present season, the secretary read a paper by Dr. J. Jamieson, one of the Royal Associates, containing a collection of various superstitions relating to the Ternary Number,

So general, among the ancients in the middle ages, and with the vulgar of times immediately connected with our own, was the ascription of a peculiar virtue to the number Three, that some reference to it was formerly mixed up with nearly all the actions and circumstances of human life. Dr. J. among many other instances, notices the influence of this superstition in the formation of camps and compounding of medicaments, in amorous incantations and funeral rites; and shows that the number of guests present, and of cups drunk or poured out in libations at entertainments; the number of sheep in a flock; of repetitions in forms of solemn invocations, &c. was religiously restricted to three, or the triplication of three; or that, at any rate, the odd number was observed. To the Triad was supposed to belong a mystical perfection, conveyed in auspicious influences to all affairs in which it was employed. Whether this superstition may be accounted for, by its being referred to an original revelation of the doctrine of the Trinity, or whether it might have grown out of some latent affinity between certain numerical quantities and the intellectual attributes of man; the subject is certainly a feature in the history of the human mind, not unworthy the attention of the philosopher. Fanciful and futile as the preference of three, or seven, or nine, over the intermediate or adjoining numbers, may appear in the present day, learned curiosity can hardly be considered as ill employed in investigating the cause of a principle powerful enough to have united, in the solemn observance of a common superstition, Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Hindoos; witches and generals; the worshippers of the three-eyed Jupiter, the trident Neptune. "Tergeminamque Hecaten," with the votaries of Odin, Thor, and Frigga, and of the vernal Trigas or Diana.

Among the numerous books presented at this meeting, were three very elegant volumes of "Poesie Liriche e Varie," published in Italy by M. Mathias, one of the Society's Royal Associates; and various French and Italian works, by M. Groberg, Swedish Consul-general at Tripoli, brought from thence by Major Denham.

A series of Memoirs relative to the introduction of Greek literature into this country, and some unpublished annotations of Bentley, are among the papers in reserve for the ensuing readings.

The first volume of the Society's Transactions is ready for the press.

CAMBRIDGE, NOV. 18.—At a Congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. W. Ward, of Caius college, compounder.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. H. Robinson, fellow; F. Gardiner, St. John's college, compounder; D. Jones, Emanuel college.

Honorary Masters of Arts.—The Rev. Sir A. B. Heniker, Bart. Jesus college, compounder; H. Frampton, St. John's college; T. Tenison, Trinity college.

Masters of Arts.—H. Livius, Trinity college, compounder; L. Pickering, St. John's college.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—The Rev. W. Hawks; T. B. M. Baskerville, Esq. Trinity hall, compounder; Rev. R. Hole, Trinity college.

Bachelors of Arts.—A. Anderson, C. J. W. Ellis, C. Currey, Trinity college; W. R. Richards, St. John's college; C. D. Hill, St. Peter's college; T. Pyches, Caius college, compounder; E. Pattison, Queen's college; J. Carver, Jesus college; H. White, Downing college.

At the above Congregation, the Rev. J. C. Hare, M. A. Fellow of Trinity college, was appointed an Examiner for the Classical Tripos, in the room of Professor Scholefield.

OXFORD, NOV. 19.—On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. H. Ashworth, University college, grand compounder; J. Garrett, Queen's college; Rev. C. Champey, St. Alban hall; R. J. Bell, Oriel college.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. B. Birtwhistle, Lincoln college, grand compounder; W. Tabourdin, Fellow of New college; F. Williamson, Christchurch; T. Alban, Worcester college; C. W. C. Baker, Balliol college; C. Des Voeux, Oriel college.

Bachelor of Music.—Alfred Bennett, New college.

RETROSPECT OF FRENCH LITERATURE. July—October.

It was an observation of the late Professor Langles, that if the Sciences could be taught in volumes in 18mo. the French would be the most learned people in the world: whether his prophecy is to be accomplished, time will soon show. The reign of political pamphlets is over, and few care now for all the arguments that can be conjured up by either the Royalists or the Liberals. The latter, like a child that cries itself to sleep, have become so hoarse with their ever roaring out, "fire! murder! thieves!" that they labour under a complete extinction of voice; and their utmost effort can only muster a growl, now and then, against M. de Villele, whose talents for a missionary are very doubtful, he having entirely failed in his "conversion of the *rentes*." As the French must have something new, *n'en fut il pas au monde*, and as they are all taught Sir William Curtis's three Rs, "reading, writing, and arithmetic," they must have books;—not mighty folios, nor ponderous quartos, but pretty little volumes which can be hid in a reticule, or concealed under the cushion of a sofa, and at the same time, so plain and easy, that those who run may read; hence the shoal of *Résumés, Manuels*, &c. the *whip syllabubs* of learning. The History of the World is compressed into an 18mo., and the History of a French Province spun out to the same length; Universal Biography matches The Art of Cookery, and The Whole History of England The Science of Making Pomatum. For half-a-crown you may learn how to take spots out of your clothes, or become a bottle conjuror; be acquainted with the history of the Jews, or the art of currying hydes; the history of European settlements in India, or the trade of a baker. There is some difference in the prices of the works, of course, according to the importance of the subject; for instance, the History of Denmark is ten sous dearer than the History of England; the History of Picardy, costs more than the History of Holland; and the History of Portugal, is one third dearer than the History of the Germanic Empire. Spain is on a par with Russia, and Poland with America. *Parbes' Chemical Catechism* and *Accum's Chemical Amusements*, by the French Digester, become a small 18mo. of the price of two shillings, and the *Mineralogy* of Haiüy and Bragniat, dwindle into a duodecimo.

From this encyclopædia of surfaces, we turn with pleasure to miniature editions in 32mo. of real merit; amongst these the collections of Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Classics, published by Lefevre, are real bijoux; and when the names of Boissonade, Amar, Butura, and Auger, are mentioned as the editors, the public can rely with confidence on the care, learning, and taste which preside over the respective editions. Those editions contain only the original texts. Another enterprise of the same nature, and same size, is undertaken by Panckoucke, a name famous for editions of large works. M. Panckoucke proposes to publish, in 32mo. the Ancient and Modern Classics of all Nations, with a translation on the opposite page; about forty to fifty volumes are destined for English Literature; consequently, the whole must form several hundred volumes; but as each work is to be sold separately, a purchaser will be at liberty to take or reject what he pleases. There are already published Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered,

with a Prose Translation, by M. Panckoucke's father, (the editor of the great, and still unfinished Encyclopedia,) which is remarkable for correctness and energy. The Oberon of Wieland, translated by Loeve Veimars, and the Poems of Goëthe, translated by Madame Panckoucke, the wife of the editor. The fair translator has, in rendering Goëthe into French, enriched her native literature with a chef-d'œuvre of taste and delicacy; and has added to it a work unknown to French readers. Yet, we wish she had omitted some trifles, unworthy alike of Goëthe and herself; such, for instance, as THE OPEN TABLE, which is only a silly paraphrase of the parable in the New Testament, where the master of the feast collected guests from the highways and hedges. The modern Lucullus says, he expects guests of *rare merit*, and all is ready—poultry, game, fish, and meats of every kind. He expects young beauties, still unknown to the pains or pleasures of love.

"They are invited, they have promised."

"Look, Jane, and see if they are coming."

"Wives, accompanied by their dear husbands, who, always grumbling, are still every day more and more beloved by those incomparable women."

"They are invited, &c."

"Look, Jane, &c."

"Young men, who are not fops,—modest though rich."

"They are invited, &c."

"Husbands faithful to their wives, and who never look at other women."

"They are invited, &c."

"Authors, who prefer the poetry of others to their own."

"They have also accepted."

"Look, Jane, and see if they are coming."

His good dinner is about to be spoiled; for although all these models of perfection had accepted the invitation, no one comes, nor even sends an excuse, which, to say the least of it, is not polite: so he dispatches his maid to fetch good fellows without ceremony, and they all come. They were, no doubt, *rangers of the park*, and could put up with a dinner dressed by a female cook, and served by a maid-of-all-work.

The volume of this collection, to which we attach the greatest importance, is the *Maxims or Sentences of Publius Syrus*, a Latin Classic, from whom thousands have stolen without acknowledgment, but none thought proper to translate. A single line suffices for him to express an idea or a sentiment as completely as if he had taken a page; and we cannot resist copying a few examples taken almost at random.

"Absentem ledit, cum ebrio qui litigat."

"To dispute with a drunken man, is to attack the absent."

"Ab amante lachrymis redipans iracundium."

"Appease by tears the anger of those who love you."

"Alterius damnum, randium haud facis tui."

"Build not your joy on another's sorrow."

"Animo imperavit sapiens, stultus servit."

"The wise man governs his heart, the fool is its slave."

"Annoius stultus non diu vixit, diu fuit."

"An old fool has long existed, but has not lived."

"Formosa facies, muta commendatio est."

"A good appearance is a letter of recommendation."

We recommend M. Macdonnel to enrich his next edition of the Dictionary of Quotations, by borrowing largely from Publius Syrus.

That the whole circle of literature may be embraced in the miniature editions, M. Eymery proposes to publish a Portable Library, or Historical Gallery of all Ancient and Modern Nations, containing their Political Revolutions, their Discoveries in the Sciences, and their Progress in the Arts and Literature, with maps and plates; 50 volumes in 32mo. Some of the first names in French literature have engaged to co-operate with it; and if it fulfil the promise of the prospectus, the work will be indeed a valuable treasure.

The next expensive literary enterprises to be noticed, are the reprints, and these are so numerous at present, that to them alone is attributed the

rise of 30 per cent. in the price of paper. There are four or five editions of Voltaire in the press; that of Baudouins' is in 75 vols. 8vo. and they have 4000 subscribers, which gives 300,000 volumes for one edition; this is scarcely to be wondered at when we find a volume in 8vo. of 300 to 500 pages, beautifully printed by Didot, published at less than three shillings. They are publishing an edition of Rousseau to match; the great difference in the number of the subscribers, forms a very good criterion of the respective merits of the two writers. Voltaire is held by many to be the apostle of taste and common sense; Rousseau was only an ingenious madman, whose own corrupted heart formed his standard of human nature. On being reproached for the licentiousness of his principal work, and told that it was calculated to corrupt the female heart: "No," said he, "for any woman who does read it, is already as bad as she can be."

Other editions of Voltaire are publishing in two volumes; and Rousseau, Moliere, and Le-fontaine, each in one volume. But of all the magnificent reprints of the French Classics, that of *Leferre's*, printed by Didot, is the most splendid; it will form 100 volumes in royal 8vo. and may be accounted matchless: it contains a selection of the notes of all the commentators, and will, probably, at a future period, be regarded as the *editio optima* of each author.

These reproductions are not confined to the national Classics; the old Chronicles, Ordinances, Histories of France, are all reprinting, and will form, it is calculated, 700 to 800 volumes; and such is the rage for them, or rather for furnishing library shelves, that even the Vortices of Descartes are reprinted; and, independent of two original Dictionaries of Natural History in the course of publication, one by Leorault, and the other by Bory de St. Vincent, two editions of Buffon are coming out, one with two additional volumes by Baron Cuvier, and the other with one by the late Count de Lacepède.

The Collection of Memoirs on the Revolution has already reached 50 volumes in 8vo.; and the Count de Segur is superintending a complete edition of his works, in 30 volumes 8vo. Madame de Genlis continues publishing her Memoirs; in which she very carefully tells us how often she resisted temptations, leaving it for the scandalous chronicles to tell how often she yielded to them.

In taking our leave for the present of the reprints, it may be noticed, that in the next sessions of the Chambers, a law it is said will be proposed for withdrawing from the domain of the public, certain authors, and parts of certain authors; among which Voltaire and parts of Rousseau are mentioned.

We recollect an edict of the kind in the reign of Louis XV. The Encyclopedia was suppressed, and the subscribers ordered to deliver up the volumes in their possession; and it would probably never have been suffered to be finished, had not the monarch one day asked his courtiers how gunpowder was made; none could tell him, when one nobleman observed that His Majesty would find it in the Encyclopedia. It was immediately sent for; the King read the article, and expressed his delight at finding such useful things; and from that circumstance the work was suffered to proceed to its conclusion.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

Histoire Naturelle des Mammifères.

The Natural History of Mammalia, in folio, with original figures, drawn and coloured from living animals, by Messieurs Geoffroy St Hilaire, and Frederic Cuvier.

This is one of the most splendid works on natural history that ever was published; it may

be compared, in point of embellishments, with *Dr. Thornton's Botany*, and *Redoute's Roses*. Never had the quadrupedal tribe such splendid and exact historians. Two volumes have already appeared, containing 240 figures of animals, of which 50 had never been described by any naturalist; and of these, there are 25 entirely new species, so that the domain of natural history is greatly extended by those learned editors. M. Belin, the publisher, endeavours, by the luxury of paper and printing, to rival the exquisite engravings, and merit the high eulogium bestowed by the late eminent naturalist, Lacepède, in his Report to the Institute. "The friends of natural history have long," said the learned naturalist, "desired to possess, independent of the immortal works published by the fathers of the science, in Mammalia, a collection of figures of quadrupeds correspondent with the advanced state of zoology, and sufficiently beautiful to accompany the learned descriptions of the ablest zoologists, as well as the magnificent descriptions of the best writers. Those which have been published by the editors of Buffon and Daubenton, and by Pennant, Shaw, Schreber, Allamand, Edwards, Daniel, and other authors, could only imperfectly satisfy the desires of naturalists, at a period when the natural sciences had made such great progress, and when their treasures were daily augmented by celebrated travellers. A great number of those figures only gave very incomplete ideas of the various colours, the delicate tints, and evanescent shades, so necessary, notwithstanding, for determining the characters of the species. Others presented none of those peculiar traits of conformation, of which the observation is so important to the true naturalist. Others, again, had only been drawn from skins, improperly prepared and discoloured by time, and some were even drawn and coloured from written or verbal descriptions, and consequently totally inadequate to give a correct idea of the animal, in form or colour."

"The work of Messrs. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and of Cuvier, appears to zoologists to answer their views, and merit universal suffrage. No author of a history of quadrupeds ever had at his command, so rich, so rare, or so numerous a collection as that of the Museum of Natural History; and of this the authors of the work, of which I have the honour to give an account to the Academy have availed themselves, and their success has answered the expectation conceived of their learning and genius."

"The friends of the sciences are therefore deeply indebted to the authors of the new History of Mammalia."

After such praise, it is only necessary to add, that the third and last volume is hastening to its conclusion, there wanting only nine monthly parts to complete it. The whole work, in sixty parts, will come to about 36l.

Mémoires sur la Famille des Légumineuses. Memoirs of the Family of Leguminosae. By M. de Candolle.

The reputation of M. de Candolle is so well known as a naturalist, and stands so high, that it need only be said, that this work must increase his reputation. It will be composed of fourteen memoirs read by the author in 1823-4-5, before the Society of Physics and Natural History of Geneva. The text will form a quarto volume of about 500 pages, and 70 plates, and will cost about three pounds. The impression is confided to M. Belin, and the engraving of the plates to M. Heyland, a young artist who has been at the pains to study botany, in order the more perfectly to preserve the character of the plants in his work.

Baron Humboldt's great work on the Natural

History of South America has so long been before the public, that no new notice of it can be necessary; but his labours only extended to the western portion of that great continent. M. Auguste de St. Hilaire has endeavoured to supply the desideratum by the publication of his *Flora Brasiliæ Meridionalis*.

The work is worthy of being placed by the side of that of his great predecessor; and we cannot give a better idea of the importance of M. de St. Hilaire's work, than in the words of that great naturalist.

Report on the Flora of South Brasil by M. de Auguste St. Hilaire, made to the Academy of Science in its sittings of the 19th of September, 1825, by Alexander de Humboldt:

"The Academy has charged me to make a verbal report on the work of M. Auguste de St. Hilaire, entitled *Flora Brasiliæ Meridionalis*, &c. &c."

"The author occupies one of the first ranks amongst the great botanists of the age; he had hitherto only published isolated fragments of the immense labours to which he had consecrated a residence of six years in the Brasil, under a climate where the soil, in its wild fecundity, offers to the traveller at every step the most beautiful, and the most extraordinary productions. The work, of which I present the analysis, contains the whole of M. de St. Hilaire's observations. It is one of the greatest monuments raised to botany; not to the science which confines itself to a sterile nomenclature, but to that which seizes the relations and affinities of the different tribes of vegetables; which assigns to each organ its place and value; and to the characters of families, genera, and species, the limits within which they may serve as bases of the natural divisions."

"M. Auguste de St. Hilaire has brought from six to seven thousand species of plants from South Brasil: it is perhaps the greatest harvest that one traveller ever made. But he has not contented himself with collecting and accumulating materials; he studied the vegetables on the very spot where they grew. He collected all the documents which could throw any light on their progressive development, or their habitats, or geographical positions, and on their utility as food, or in the arts and medicine."

"The plants which will be successively described by the author, have been collected at different altitudes, and under a great variety of climate, in the provinces of Santo Spirito, Rio de Janeiro, Minas Geraes, Goyas, Santa Paulo, Santa Caterina, and Rio Grande, of the 'Cisplatine,' and the 'Missions.'"

"The author felt that complete descriptions of all the organs of plants could alone render his work in harmony with the present state of science. The generic characters, and the descriptions of the species, are in Latin, while the notes (and these are equally important) which are added to the families, genera, and species, are drawn up in French. It was thought that, by this means, a greater portion of the public of the two Continents might profit by so useful a performance."

"M. de Saint Hilaire does not commence his Flora by the monocotyledones, but by the plants whose organization is the most complex, by ranunculaceæ, dilleniæ, and magnoliæ. The three parts already published, contain ten families, and twenty-four plates engraved by M. Turpin, who unites the double talent of botanist and artist. The typographical execution of this great work* is worthy of the government under whose auspices it appears."

* "M. Bellin, who prints this fine work, also, bestows on it the utmost editorial care, and proves he is resolved to merit the honour of being associated in its publication."—A. DE HUMBOLDT.

"When we take a survey of the voyages undertaken during the last century, for the promotion of the natural sciences, we perceive with sorrow that the public has been frustrated of the major part of the observations made in those distant climes. Collections of plants and animals have remained jumbled together, without ever having been described, and often (and even this is one of the most fortunate chances) the parties have confined their labours to publish a selection of the objects brought home. After the courage which enables a traveller to endure privations in an uninhabited country, still greater courage is required not to discontinue publications which, by their nature, absorb more time than the voyage itself. This courage, which consists in long patience, we are happy to find in M. Auguste de Saint Hilaire. He will not forget that the national glory of France is interested in the termination of a work for which he has made such great and noble sacrifices."

FINE ARTS.

The Errand Boy. Engraved by Raimbach, from a Painting of D. Wilkie, R. A.

WE are always happy when we can point out a work which may serve as an example to illustrate what we consider to be an eminent quality of art. The opportunity is now afforded us by the execution of the print under notice. There is nothing in the subject beyond an every-day occurrence of ordinary life. Errand boys and their ponies are in request, and picturesque cottages and porches give an opportunity for the artist to show his skill in the selection and arrangement of his picture; but it does not always happen, when he has produced an excellent performance like the present, that he is associated with equal skill in the engraver; or that his transparent and reflex treatment of the chiar-oscuro is preserved in the light and shadow of the burine. This, however, has been well accomplished in the present engraving: the artist has made no sacrifice of the middle tint, to the mere black and white opposition so prevalent in the ordinary course of print-sale requisitions; but has shown that a familiar subject, under the advantages of good taste and superior execution, may be such as ought to arrest the attention, and secure the encouragement of public patronage.

The painting is in the possession of Sir John Swinburne, Bart. and the plate inscribed to him by the Artists conjointly.

Dr. Jenner.—We have the satisfaction to announce, that, in the course of the last week, a Marble Statue to the memory of Dr. Jenner has been erected in our Cathedral. The execution of this public monument reflects the highest credit upon the sculptor, R. W. Sievier, Esq. The doctor is represented in the gown of his Oxford degree. In his right hand, which crosses the body, and supports a fold of the gown, he holds a scroll, and in his left, which drops carelessly on the side, the appropriate academical cap. The whole figure is distinguished by classical elegance and simplicity. The statue is seven feet in height, placed upon a pedestal and base of eight feet. Upon the die of the pedestal is simply inscribed, "Edward Jenner," with the time and place of his birth and death.

Sir G. O. Paul, Bart.—The same artist has executed a splendid monument to the memory of the late highly respected Sir George Paul, which was last week erected on the south side of the nave, immediately opposite to Flaxman's beautiful specimen of statuary, "*The Sea shall give up the dead*," to the memory of Mrs. Morley. Mr. Sievier has been remarkably successful in this work of art, which is composed of a sarcophagus,

about seven feet in length, resting on claws, and supported by pilasters, which bound the inscription-table on either side. Upon the sarcophagus is placed a fine marble bust—a likeness of the deceased. The whole is about nine feet in height.—*From the Gloucester Journal.*

The patrons and admirers of painting will be gratified to learn that George Jones, R. A. has just returned from a tour in Germany, France, and Switzerland, enriching his portfolio as he passed through each of those interesting countries. The public may, therefore, we are sure, look forward, as a consequence, to many valuable productions from the faithful pencil of this various and highly distinguished artist.

A series of sixty engravings of Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, from drawings by Captain Batty, and engraved by eminent artists, is announced as preparing for publication. They are to be on the same plan with the Views on the Rhine, the successive Parts of which have been favourably noticed in our pages.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LIFE.

THE leaf that falls in Autumn's hour,
The rose that fades upon the stem,
Are emblems of the silent power,
Of time and change o'er us and them;
Yet happier is the rose's fate,
For Spring will other leaves restore,
And Summer will new flowers create
As bright as those which bloomed before.
But when life's morning dreams depart;
And grief succeeds to fancied bliss,
Oh! what shall cheer the lonely heart,
Or soften sorrow's bitterness?
Years will roll on—and time will bring
Its various changes, but in vain—
There is in life but one short Spring,
And it can ne'er return again!

W. G. M.

STANZAS.

THE world would tell that I was gay,
And that my heart held holiday;
But sunken eye and forehead pale,
To thee would tell another tale!
The world would paint me light of mood—
They look not on my solitude;
They hold my faith a fickle thing—
They guess not at my sorrowing;
They think me vain of idle praise—
They knew me not in early days;
They deem I seek for lover's vow—
How little do they know me now.
How could the cold world ever guess
That I wreath smiles round wretchedness?
Or that the ready laugh can spring
From where all joy is withering?
Sunbeam and light may fall upon
The dark and damp sepulchral stone,
But still the heart that rests beneath,
Remains in cold and cheerless death.
And even thus it is with me—
My plighted faith yet clings to thee;
Thou hast the hour good feelings sway—
The world, but moments cast away!

Hythe.

J. P.

FORGET ME NOT.

THOUGH many a joy around thee smile,
And many a faithful friend you meet,
Where love may cheer life's dreary way,
And turn the bitter cup to sweet;—
Let memory sometimes bear thee back,
To other days almost forgot;
And when you think of other friends,
Who love thee well—Forget me not!

Edinb.

E. MOFFAT.

TO HERMIONE: a Song.

ALONG the mountains of the west,
The woods in misty twilight wave;
The eagle broods upon her nest,
The hermit sits within his cave.
The May-moth in the wild-flower sleeps,
And sylvan urchins silent lie;
The fallow-deer its covert keeps,
And drowsy shepherds homeward hie.
No murmur from the thicket breaks,
The night-enamoured bird is mute;
While Love (a sweeter bird) awakes,
And warbles from my lady's lute.
Appear! star after star appears—
The brightest star that eye can see,
When joy hath filled that eye with tears,
Was never half so bright as thee.

J. V. B.

THE RAINBOW.

SWEET mercy's symbol! oft I love to gaze
On thee with mingled wonder and delight,
While pensive Fancy wings her rapid flight
To other regions, and far distant days;
When first the aged patriarch's dazzled sight
Was fixed with rapture on thy arch sublime,
As from the realms of uncreated light
A voice proclaimed, that to the end of time
Thou, beauteous bow, a monument should prove
Of pardoning mercy and unchanging love.
Ages have rolled away—Time's mighty tide
Has swept off countless myriads to the tomb;
Oft has fair nature perished, and her bloom
Resumed with new-born strength, and vernal
pride:—
All on this globe has changed, or passed away—
Cities and empires vanished from the earth;
But there thou standest, bright as on the day
When first the Almighty's mandate gave thee
birth;
And such, fair type of mercy, shalt thou be,
Till time is swallowed in eternity!

F. M.

SONG.

I TURN from pleasure's witching tone,
Though sweet the syren strain may be,
And wander silently, and lone,
To think, my own best love, on thee!
There's not a radiant blossom hung
On lowly stem, or lofty tree;
There's not a beam of beauty flung
Around me, but I think of thee.
And never doth the gentle even
Shed her soft calm o'er earth and sea,
Lighting the golden stars of heaven,
But tenderly I think of thee.

M. E. A.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MY GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.—NO. XI.

The Blue Stocking.

POOR Sophia Montagu! she was what the men, with a shrug, denominate a "blue stocking," and the women, with a sneer, designate a "genius:" whether she could *à la lettre* lay claim to either appellation, it was difficult to determine, but it is certain, that with the credit of being both, she was the object of many a coxcomb's hidden dread, and many a belle's unacknowledged envy. Yes, envy! for how often does envy engender blame, and scorn, and contumely; which, bitter as they sometimes are, may frequently owe their birth to a weak head, rather than an envenomed heart? And yet, little is the consolation to him who is mortally stricken by an arrow, to learn that its barb was not poisoned; and not the less keenly felt the malicious taunts of the many on the spirit of poor

Sophia, that they were but too frequently the mere ravings of ignorance, charmed at the sound of its own emptiness, as the fool dances to the music of his own bells.

Sophia Montagu had received a liberal education, and had profited by the care of her preceptors, but she was neither a chemist nor a logician, a theologian nor a politician—knew little of the classics, and was quite ignorant of anatomy; and yet, the inmate of a provincial town, designated a "blue stocking," by a circle scarcely aware of the strict acceptation of the term, it would have been more tolerable in a stranger to have mistaken the court-house for a dissenting chapel, in the eyes of these "second Daniels," than to have dared a doubt on the subject of Miss Montagu's *bluism*.

Still, amid all this, Sophia had friends who thought it possible to exert talent without satire, and wit without unkindness. Sir Christopher Bentley was one evening expatiating on the happiness of a married life, to a young, rich, and handsome relative, who appeared "nothing loth" to essay the infallibility of his arguments. He mentioned Sophia Montagu as a girl of worth and sense, and Mr. Seymour listened complacently: the baronet added something about her talents, and the bachelor knitted his brow, and almost winced. But he was introduced to Sophia; and, pleased with her vivacity, and inspired by her good humour, he parted from her with regret, while his heart whispered him that he should himself accelerate the next meeting—and they *did* meet again and again, and Sophia heard the words of love, and smiled as they met her ear. Seymour was the companion of her sunny days, and when she prest her pillow, his image was in her soul, and the dreamer smiled in slumber at the vision of him she loved!

"Have you seen the lion, Mr. Seymour?" asked the pretty, insinuating Miss Bellamore, as he sauntered through the town at her side, "*our blue stocking*—the lady who writes verses, and composes essays; sometimes languishes her 'grey goose quill' through a whole scene of tragedy, and sometimes rounds off her periods, and displays her punctuation in a satire!" and she asked the question with a pretty, simple, lack-a-daisical air, which fully exonerated her from each and all of these transgressions. "I have never yet had the misery," replied Mr. Seymour, quietly.

"What! could you be eight and forty hours in the town, and not see Miss Montagu? why I thought all the world had seen Miss Montagu!"

"Miss Montagu! Madam?" exclaimed Seymour, earnestly, "can she be a satirist!—a blue stocking!!—the lion of a country town!!!"

"You have seen her then," resumed his calm and dispassionate companion, "and her pretty smile has blinded you; but prenez y garde, or your singularities (should you possess any) will be meet sport for the wit of Sophia.—Why, my dear Sir, she will record the tye of your neckcloth, the fashion of your coat, your voice, your look, your bow—nay, don't be incredulous—wit can give features even to a cravat, and character to a tunic; and Miss Montagu never fails to be amusing, for when wit fails to throw out all the tints of the picture, satire, like a damp sponge, passes over its surface, and brightens the colouring."

Seymour listened, and, ere long, believed, for the voice of rumour was with Miss Bellamore, and Sophia had but her own poor smile to advocate her cause—she loved Seymour, for he had openly challenged the affection of her heart; and when she fearlessly put out her little bark to sea, with hope seated at the helm, and youth unfurling the sails, she dreamt not that it would so

soon become a wreck! She had loved him with her whole soul; and it was a soul which had all the energies of a first affection clinging to it unfaded: on Seymour she had exhausted those energies. He had been to her as the morning light, giving promise of a glorious day of existence, and when that light was withdrawn, her heart sickened at the darkness of its own centre, and withered at the core! - - -

"You have behaved ill, Seymour, very ill!" said the worthy baronet, when he learnt the desertion of his friend. "You have betrayed a trust reposed in you—you have broken a heart that never dreaded falsehood, and you have embittered a soul, whose very susceptibility of affection is now become its curse." "Spare your upbraidings," said Seymour, mournfully; "I feel that I have done all this—but I cannot marry a blue-stocking!" Poor Sophia! ignorance had indeed thrown down the gauntlet, and to her the combat was deadly.

Seymour departed—departed without an interview: he feared himself, he felt her worth, her amiability, her gentleness; and, above all this, he felt too that she loved him, but he spurned all remembrances save one—he fled from her as from contagion, for was she not a genius! But Seymour was a gentleman, and his heart told him that somewhat of apology was due to one, whom he had so long taught to look upon him as a second self—a blush mantled his brow as he wrote a hurried attempt at explanation of a subject, on which he could not be at once explicit and just.—Never had Seymour acquitted himself so ill, but the manner availed little, where the purpose was so clear. Sophia saw and felt only that he was lost to her forever—that he rejected all title to her hand, her heart, or even her remembrance—what needed there more? to have told the tale eloquently had but been to steep in honey the point of the dagger which had entered her heart!

In seven days after the departure of his letter, Seymour received a reply—

"You have broken my heart, but I forgive you—I murmur not—I reproach not—I have too much need of mercy to cherish bitterness, and too little space in which to crave it, to waste one moment in ungente thought. If affection live beyond the grave, that sunlight of the soul shall dwell with me, when my name and sorrows are alike forgotten!—Farewell."

Seymour possessed fine feelings; and had not his mind been jaundiced, he would have wept over the sacrifice of such a heart; but Miss Bellamore triumphed, and he coldly crushed the letter in his hand as he murmured something about the rhapsodies of a blue-stocking!

Hitherto Sophia had borne all the little bitternesses of her lot unrepiningly; nay, in the gaiety of her heart they had sometimes been food for her mirthful moments; but now the bolt had fallen upon her spirit, and crushed it! Few pitied her; for the men silently exulted in the power of their sex, and forgot compassion for the sufferer in exultation at the cause of suffering, while the women affected to withhold the balm of sympathy on the plea of the superiority of a "genius" rendering such sympathy presumptuous. A few, a chosen few, talked to her of resignation, and of the pleasures which yet courted her acceptance; but what avails it to the ivy that the forest teems with goodly trees, when that one, to which it had clung so fondly is levelled with the dust?

Man may wear the wreath of genius, and glory in the chaplet; but woman is the creature of tolerance and submission, and should a few scattered blossoms be twined amid her tresses, she must teach those tresses to conceal them,

Man may utter his sentiments erect and audibly; but woman must breathe hers in a whisper, and upon her knees; and while man exults in his attainments, and revels in the intellectuality of his nature, woman must weep over her own excellences, and conceal them as she would a deformity of frame.

Poor Sophia! when I think on thy broken heart—thy wounded pride—thy spirit-bowed existence—I am ready to exclaim, Oh! may my sons be distinguished for talent, but be my daughters—happy!

DRAMA. DRURY LANE.

THE system of transmitting a good play into a bad opera, which we have so often deprecated, and of the abridgement of which we had entertained something like a sanguine expectation, has once more been tried at this theatre; but the success of the attempt is, in the present instance, so very questionable, that self-preservation may probably now effect what continued remonstrance could not, and this may possibly be the last groan we shall be obliged to utter, and the last protest we shall be compelled to make upon so tasteless and tiresome a subject. The opera called *The Wager*, which was announced with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of an important novelty, and deferred once on account of the preparations for its performance not being completed, is nothing more, after all, than Mrs. Inchbald's farce of *The Midnight Hour*, with a few songs, a duet, and one or two chorusses, attached to the original dialogue. The effect of this alteration is twofold. In the first place, the intervention of the music delays materially the action of the drama: for whenever we approach a discovery, or are upon the point of solving a difficulty, then, at the critical moment, the leader raps his fiddle stick against his candlestick, and a gentleman or lady steps forward, and treats us with a long bravura, little or not at all connected with the business of the piece. And, in the second place, the infusion of the songs produces this difficulty, that the principal characters must be given to professed singers; to persons, whether male or female, who, nine times out of ten, appear to entertain a thorough contempt for acting; and who seem to think it beneath them to produce any effect, unless they are accompanied by a full band. Thus, to go no further than the case before us, we have seen Lewis, and Jones, and Vining, and other comedians, in the part which was on Wednesday sustained by Mr. Horn; and many ladies of great beauty and ability, in what is now filled by Miss Cubitt; and without disparaging in the most remote degree, the talents of either of these useful and respectable performers, yet the difference must be acknowledged by all to be far more favourable to the representation of the piece. To these brief remarks, then, we only find it necessary to add, that a very pleasant farce has undergone a very unpleasant change;—that the music, which now forms a part of it, has been badly selected; so far, we mean, that it is ineffective, not a single air having been encored, or even attended with much applause;—that the acting, with the exception of Dowton, Harley, and Miss Kelly, is not very good;—that these proceedings took place before a very thin and a very cold audience;—and that, when the opera was announced for repetition, there was some little opposition. It is, indeed, quite melancholy to look at the appearance which this theatre displays night after night. Mr. Calcraft, it is said, has, in the absence of the lessee, taken the affairs into his own hands, and in addition to his en-

gagement of Liston, procured also the powerful aid of Braham: we hope sincerely this may be the case. Young and Sinclair are also disengaged; and if the other theatre feel itself strong enough without them, why should not they also be added to the company? We love the Stage, and wish that it may prosper—we are enemies only to bad taste and bad management.

A few evenings ago a Mr. Parry, who is said to have been "*rocked in the cradle of a private stage*," and to have been highly esteemed by his brother amateurs, had the temerity to venture upon *Lubin Log*, one of Liston's very best and most peculiar characters. Without the slightest personal resemblance to the original actor of the part, his performance was nothing better than a servile, and by no means clever imitation. His own friends applauded it to the echo, but many of the audience endured it with those feelings of disappointment which must always be excited by the selection of raw, inexperienced, and unskilful performers.

POLITICS.

THERE is no news except reports of another change in the Spanish ministry. The accounts from Greece are rather gloomy.

VARIETIES.

Northern Naval Expeditions.—It is now understood that the design of sending out a new expedition to the Arctic Seas will not be persevered in at present. The Russians will thus, probably, after all our exertions, be left to solve this geographical problem; unless Captain Franklin is fortunate enough to make it out by land. The *Hecla* has been paid off.

The first meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society was held on Monday week, and was numerously attended. A paper was read by Mr. Rothman, Fellow of Trinity college, on the discordance between observed magnetic intensities, particularly in considerable latitudes, and the results given by Horstee's formula; which some authors have considered as generally coinciding or nearly so with observations. A paper was also read by Mr. Airy, on the connexion between impact and pressure, and the explanation of their effects upon the same principles. A portion also of a very interesting paper on the ornithology of Cambridgeshire was read by the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, of St. John's college, the remainder of which was deferred to the next meeting of the society.—*Camb. Chron.*

Earthquake.—A severe shock of an earthquake was experienced on the evening of the 20th of September, in the island of Trinidad. Many walls, sheds, &c. were thrown down, and houses in the town of Port of Spain damaged. Accounts from Demerara state that the same phenomenon extended to that quarter.

Anecdote of Pope Pius VII.—During the forced residence of Pope Pius VII. in France, he showed himself in all his actions pious, charitable, temperate, and firm. After his repeated refusals to accede to the proposals of Buonaparte, before coming to the last extremity, it was thought prudent to try one more effort, and accordingly a person was appointed to wait upon him for the purpose. The individual charged with this mission, forced his way into the house, and entered, with an air of insulting violence, into the apartment of the holy father, where he found the venerable pontiff supping off two small dishes of fish. His holiness, after listening to what he had to say, made no other reply than by these words: "Sir, a sovereign who only requires a crown a day to live upon, is not a man to be easily intimidated."

Anecdote.—The day on which Danton was guillotined, several others suffered the same fate. The leathern bag, therefore, which received the heads of the victims, was very large. While the fatal axe was falling on the necks of some, others, alighted from the cart, were waiting their turn at the foot of the scaffold. Herault de Sechelle and Danton were among the latter, and were engaged in conversation when the *Artist* came to take Herault to the scaffold. Danton and he approached each other for the purpose of embracing, but were prevented doing so by the executioner. "Go, wretch," said Danton to him, "our heads will seek each other in the sack."

Canova.—At the time when the celebrated sculptor Canova visited Paris, for the purpose of verifying the monuments of art claimed by the Pope, (a mission extremely disagreeable to the Parisians,) they accused him of assuming too high an air of importance. Being one evening in the middle of a large company, he went so far as to style himself ambassador, on which the Prince de B***, who was present, turned to him with surprise: "Ambassador! M. Canova? packer you mean to say."

Epithets.—A writer, in a recent Astronomical or rather Astrological work, mentioning an eclipse of the Sun next November, says that it will be "a total and visible eclipse of that distinguished luminary," and, moreover, that "it will not only be palpable, but the largest we can expect for another ten years in this country." In what country it may be larger than a total eclipse, we are not informed.

Goethe, in his eightieth year, has just republished his celebrated *Werter*, so popular in Germany half a century ago. He brings it forth once more, enriched with a prologue of a sentence or two, of which the following is a translation:

"Once more, O shade, so much lamented! thou darrest to venture in the broad glare of day! You trip over a fresh field of flowers to throw yourself in my way, and art not afraid to look me in my face, as if you still existed in the fresh morning of thy life!—My destiny has been to remain on earth—and thine to quit it: thou hast passed away like a shadow—nor hast thou lost much by it."

Blumenbach.—If *Goethe* is the greatest poet, so is Blumenbach the greatest natural philosopher in Germany—the latter has just had his *golden wedding* celebrated (25 years married) by a grand *fête*. By a singular coincidence, both these distinguished men have arrived together at their *half century* of glory! While all the princes of Germany emulate each other in giving the poet extraordinary privileges within their separate states; all the learned of the empire gather round the great naturalist to sing his praises, and strike a medal in his honour; and have named after him a plant lately added to the botanical nomenclature.

ANCIENT EPIGRAMS.

On the Statue of Jove, by Phidias.

Say, did imperial Jove to earth descend,
Showing, Oh! Phidias, his form to thee?
Or, didst thou hitherward from heaven wend,
To form for man a perfect Deity?

The Vine to the Goat.

Though you devour me to the root,
Still shall I bud and bear fresh fruit,
And my rich blushing honours rise,
To pour them on thy sacrifice!!

On the Statue of Niobe, by Praxiteles.
Turned into stone, by Jove's decree,
Once stood, the hapless Niobe;
But now, from stone, the sculptor's art
Has breath'd fresh life o'er every part.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

There will shortly be published, four volumes of Sermons by Dr. Doddridge. Circumstances, which, it is stated, will be mentioned in the preface, have prevented their more early appearance.

Early Metrical Tales; including the History of Sir Egeir, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray Stell, are promised speedily.

The Prophets and Apostles compared. An Essay, proving the inferior application of the Prophetic Writings; with a Table annexed, explaining the Two Thousand Three Hundred Years of Daniel, is in the press.

Mr. H. Lytton Bulwer is about to publish, *An Autumn in Greece*, in 1824.

Mr. Pugin's second Number of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, (whence Mr. P. has lately returned,) will shortly appear.

Mr. Robson has made a series of delightful Drawings, which, being engraved by eminent artists, are to be the foundation of a new work, entitled, *Picturaque Jewels of all the English Cities*.

In forwardness for publication, *The Peerless Peer*; or, *The Fortunes of Orlando*, a Novel, by the author of *Lasting Impressions*.

We are informed that a new weekly publication, entitled, *The Spirit and Manners of the Age*, will appear in January next; to be conducted by the author of the *Evangelical Rambler*.—A Monthly Magazine, for the use of young persons, is projected to commence at the same time.

November Nights; being a series of Tales, &c. for Winter Evening, by the author of *Warrenium*, is announced as forthcoming.

The Fourth Part of Mr. Bellamy's Translation of the Bible, from the original Hebrew Text, is, we hear, in the press, and nearly ready for publication.

A work on the Infantry Movements, by the author of the *British Drill*, (Capt. Barrow Stanger), is announced in the preface, we are informed, a new mode of Exercise for the Foot is proposed.

A new edition of the Dramatic Works of Shakspeare, with numerous Engravings, is announced in a few months. The Notes, original and selected, are by Mr. Singer, and comprise all the information of preceding Commentators, condensed into a small compass. A Life of the Poet, with a Critique on his Writings, from the pen of Dr. Symmons, the editor of *Milton*, is prefixed.

We understand that Dr. Lval has nearly ready for publication, *A General View of the Russian Empire*, which will exhibit, in a condensed manner, not only the past, but the present state of that immense realm. The work is said to be a compilation from the best Russian, German, French, and English writers; to which the Doctor has added all the information he collected during his long residence and extensive travels in Russia.

Among the new publications of the Season, which has begun so feebly, we observe that Mr. Murray has announced a Complete Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of Great Britain; an octavo edition of Lord John Russell's Historical quarto; the Conway Papers, in five octavo volumes, 18mo. 12s. 6d. (London, 1799 to 1799); a new edition of *Malcolm's India*; Denham and Clapperton's African Travels, and Captain Beechey's on the Northern Coast; Captain King's Survey of the Coast of New Holland; another Volume to Burckhardt; the long delayed Appendix to Parry's Voyage in 1821-23; George Finlayson's Mission to Siam and Hain, in 1821, edited by Sir S. Halliday; Southey's Second Volume on the Peninsular War, and Dialogues on various subjects, by the same; a Life of Erasmus, by C. Butler; Anne Bolyn, a Dramatic Poem, by Milman; a Life of General Wolfe; Mexican Memoirs, (we presume by Lord Kingsbury); a Fourth Volume of the *Orlando Furioso*, by Mr. Rose, and several classical and miscellaneous works.

We also observe a new announcement of Shirley, in six volumes; and Ford, in two, by W. Gifford—books long and anxiously expected by the literary world.

Mr. Murray, like Mr. Constable, projects a collected series of his publication in monthly Numbers. He begins with modern Voyages, and in these, with Ross and Parry's first expedition.

Mr. Bernard Barton has a volume of poetry in the press, entitled "Devotional Verses."

Mr. M. T. Sadler is preparing for publication, *A Defence of the principles of the Poor Laws*, in answer to their impugnment, by Mr. Malthus, Dr. Chalmers, and others, together with suggestions for their improvement, as well as for bettering the character and condition of the labouring classes: to which will be added, an Essay on Population, in disproof of the superfluity of the human race, and establishing, by induction, a contrary theory.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

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METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 10	From 29 to 44	29.80 to 29.87
Friday 11	33 to 41	29.30 to 29.54
Saturday 12	30 to 44	29.70 to 29.80
Sunday 13	22.5 to 40	29.80 to stat.
Monday 14	29 to 46	29.77 to 29.86
Tuesday 15	33 to 44	30.00 to stat.
Wednesday 16	27 to 48	30.10 to stat.

Generally cloudy, with rain, till the 12th, since, generally clear, and frosty.—Rain fallen .9 of an inch.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 17	From 33 to 48	30.07 to 29.82
Friday 18	32 to 53	29.90 to 29.74
Saturday 19	32 to 49	29.80 to 29.87
Sunday 20	30 to 47	30.04 to stat.
Monday 21	41 to 56	29.80 to 29.70
Tuesday 22	35 to 44	29.79 to 29.60
Wednesday 23	30 to 40	30.18 to 30.10

Prevailing wind W. and S.W. Generally cloudy, frequent rain; mornings foggy. Rain fallen .475 of an inch.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Having found the manuscript of the *Poetical City*, W. H. will find it addressed to him at our office.
Roland's measure seems to us to be occasionally so un-
tuned, that we are reluctantly compelled to decline the
insertion of his poem.

We pause on Sylvia's "Mills."
The passage alluded to by A. B. was transmitted to us
by an anonymous correspondent; and therefore we cannot
give him the information he requests.

We certainly cannot insert K. D.; but we have no wish
to cut.

In B. M. the thoughts are often better than the composi-
tion, which requires greater care. We nevertheless
count her correspondence, *any how*, though unaware of
the occasion alluded to.

En Verite "la Verite" is a very sweet Debatante; but
(the cruel *but*) the first effort does not come within our
plan and means.

The editions of Voltaire, Rousseau, Mollere, and La-
fontaine, mentioned in last L. C. are published in Paris,
but no doubt Messrs. Treutel, Wurtz, and Co. or any
foreign booksellers of eminence in London, have or can
procure copies.

In reply to Carebux Nites, we have inquired, and find
that every thing is done except the Index of Kirby and
Spence, Vols. 3 and 4, which is nearly finished, so that
we hope to see the publication in two or three weeks.
We shall be happy to hear from our correspondent in the
way he mentions.

T. W. D.—E. D. (whose packet is returned, as re-
quested), are respectfully declined. A Junior Soph of St.
John's, Cambridge, must take the same notice, though
we hope he will turn out a poet.

Errola.—In the notice of Moore's Views at Ranfoun,
&c. last week, p. 749, our line, "for free, civil, and
religious institutions," read "free civil and religious in-
stitutions;" line 34, after "time," insert "we recom-
mend."

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